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PARIS.

THE insurrection was finally suppressed on Sunday, when the last strongholds of rebellion were forced at Belleville and Père-la-Chaise. The end of the Commune was one long scene of horror. The troops did not suffer any great loss, for they sapped from house to house wherever it was possible, and so turned the barricades after they had brought siege artillery to play on the field guns of the Reds. But they were constantly exposed to firing from the windows of houses, and this, although not fatal to any great number, acted as a constant provocation to men already exasperated by the burning of Paris, the participation of women in the fighting, and the mixture of panic and treachery in the inhabitants. The Communists fought and perished as the enemies of society. They were mad with crime and despair and the thirst for blood. They had attempted, as it is now known, to burn down Paris, or at any rate the whole of wealthy and respectable Paris. Their schemes involved the destruction by a most terrible death of thousands, it may perhaps be said of hundreds of thousands of persons, who were simply living in the city which the Commune had professed to govern. It was not merely the great public buildings, which to a diseased imagination might seem the symbols of a creed or a party antagonistic to their own, that they had planned to demolish; they not only formed, but nearly executed, the fiendish design of blowing up and burning whole quarters of the city. No such act of awful and wanton wickedness has been known to the modern world, and those who are answerable for it have for the most part met the reward which they richly merited. By no stretch of indulgent fancy can the proposed burning of Paris be looked on as a political act. To have burnt the Tuileries or the Hôtel de Ville would have been bad enough, but it was possible that to perverted minds it might have seemed not wholly unjustifiable to destroy buildings that were expressly designed for carrying on the form of government against which they were contending. But to meditate the wholesale slaughter of innocent families, which must have been the result if the trains they had laid in the sewers had been successfully fired, is a totally different thing. It was a crime the only motive and attraction of which must have been the vengeance it would have wreaked on the society from which its authors were outcasts. In the same way the murder of the Archbishop of Paris and the other hostages was simply a murder of the most atrocious kind. It was not a political act. It served no military purpose. There was no pretence, and there could be no pretence, that it could in any way stay the hands of the conquerors in their work of vengeance. It was merely done in order that men about to die might have the satisfaction of first dealing death to others. The Archbishop was not one of their enemies, not one of the persons against whom they were fighting, or who had fought against them. He was nothing but a highly estimable, inoffensive person who happened to be in their power. There was not the remotest benefit that could in any way accrue to their cause or to any one of them by killing him. He died because it was sweet to them to kill any one, and, above all, one who was good and beloved, and was a priest. The Jacobins, when they sent aristocrats and priests to the guillotine, at any rate believed that aristocrats and priests were the natural and implacable enemies of the Republic. But the Archbishop had been seized, not as an enemy of the Commune, but as a hostage, and when he could be no longer of any use as a hostage, he was murdered because the ruffians in whose power he was liked murdering him. The outlaws who had got to die wished to do something desperately bad before they died; and they did it. They endeavoured to blow up whole districts of Paris, and they murdered their hostages in cold blood.

So much for the conquered; now for the conquerors. If it is sickening to read of the crimes of the Communists, it is scarcely less sickening to read of the barbarities of the Government, and its officials, and its partisans. There was much to excuse and even to justify the exasperation of the soldiery, and of nothing that happened in mere fighting, or in the haste and hurry of the moment, is it necessary to take notice. But the butchery, the cold-blooded, indiscriminate, unsparing butchery of thousands of persons after all resistance on the part of all of them had long ceased, was so revolting that it is even said to have roused the indignation of many of those who had at first welcomed the Versailles troops as their deliverers. No inquiries were made or permitted. There was but one thought in the wild, hard hearts of the victors, and that was to kill. We do not for a moment mean that M. THIERS was a party to the design, but there can be no doubt that he was represented by men who had conceived the design, of rooting out the Red Republicans of Paris by killing all their males. These men waged war as the most savage of barbaric tribes wage war. They thought that they had got the tribe they hated in their power, and they would leave none but the squaws and the babies among them. The mitrailleuse was freely used to execute prisoners. This weapon, which a year ago was one of the EMPEROR'S great military secrets with which he was to astonish and overwhelm a foreign enemy, has now come to be an engine in the hands of Frenchmen, of French officers and French Government officials, for killing whole troops of French men and women who could offer no resistance whatever. Every one did as he thought right; and once more a man, already too notorious for wanton severity, the Marquis of GALLIFET, comes to the front, and is chronicled as having suddenly ordered eighty-three of the prisoners in his power to be shot. It is quite true that men who have passed through, or are still passing through, a great danger are not to be judged severely, and that every nation has had deeds to lament which were done in a time of excitement, and afterwards appear indefensible. Enough is known of the history of the Indian Mutiny to make Englishmen shrink from speaking in exaggerated terms of the cruelties of a panic-stricken population and an infuriated soldiery. But then in India the Government at least was always calm, and always on the side of clemency; in Paris it was Frenchmen who were butchering Frenchmen; and there was nothing in India, we hope and believe, so bad as these executions by mitrailleuses without any kind of investigation. The calculation of those who had Paris delivered over to them seems to have been that the whole body of Red Republicans was within the number of what might be killed or got rid of. They kept and still keep adding them up; 15,000 shot, 25,000 prisoners, 5,000 in the Catacombs, where they are sure to die of starvation, so many more known to be in hiding, so many more to be quietly ferreted out when the police get possession of the city. Nor is it only this wholesale and calculating massacre and project of utter extermination that is repulsive in the conquerors. It is their whole manner of talking and thinking of what has been going on. What are we to think of M. THIERS and his "glorious campaign"? It is difficult to conceive how a patriotic Frenchman such as M. THIERS could have forborne to blot out, directly he had written it, such a description of an entry into Paris made under the eyes of conquering foreigners by French troops, in order to beat down and destroy Frenchmen. One French journalist at Versailles even goes so far as to speak of the great deeds done by "our unvanquished and unvanquishable army on its return." Where had these unvanquishable men last fought? At Sedan. Whence did they return? From German prisons. M. THIERS had to bargain and beseech

and pay in money and in humiliation in order that Prince BISMARCK might be induced to trust these heroes out of his keeping, and let them come and help to kill their countrymen. M. THIERS did what was right and necessary. He had got to put down the insurrection, and the only way open to him was to get back as much of the old army as the Germans would let him have. But even French vanity and mendacity might have been expected to see that the humility of silence was the only thing at all keeping with such circumstances. In Paris, again, a portion of the population has displayed a levity and a frivolity which, if it were allowable to argue from the few to the many, would excite the most grave apprehensions. A laughing, pleasure-seeking multitude roamed through streets riddled with bullets and reeking with half-extinguished fires. Dandyism suddenly emerged from the ruins and displayed all the exaggerations of riotous extravagance. There was no humiliation, no reserve, no decency. The streets were scarcely cleared of the fiendish women who went about seeking what they might burn, when the other representatives of the bad side of Paris life started into prominence and made the Boulevards the scene of a revolting gaiety. If there is a page of its annals of which the civilized world may be properly ashamed, it is certainly the history of the last week in Paris.

It must be kept in mind what is the special character in which the Saviours of Society now offer themselves. The Red Republic is very wicked, and the Party of Order is very good. There are, as General DUCROT put it, only two parties now in France—the Liberal party, who are all goats, and the Reactionary party, who are all sheep. The aim which the sheep set before them in view of the world is to make the goats like what the good sheep are. They cry out, as they well may, against the atheism, the crimes, the stupendous wickedness of the Commune. They offer to show their enemies a more excellent way. Nothing could be more disheartening than the contrast between their preaching and their practice. They attempt to convert Belleville much as CORTES and PIZARRO attempted to convert the wretched natives of America. The sword and the bullet are the engines of reformation in which they place their trust. That the priests should be bigoted, harsh, and violent might be expected; but there is no evidence that the particular form of reaction which has manifested itself is a clerical one. The alarming feature in French society is that the excesses of the partisans of order are not apparently due to any sincere, if narrow, political or religious feelings. There is an absolute and total dearth of men of sense and courage and moderation. It is impossible to find words strong enough to paint the contempt excited by the truckling and timid friends of the Communist Government in Paris fawning on their new allies, nourishing new sentiments of enmity against those with whom they lately acted and sympathized, decking themselves with the symbols of reaction, bullying democracy, spying, and striving to make their past impotence and cowardice forgotten by the fussy and pretentious activity of the present. No one in France has the right thing to say, or knows what is the right thing to do. There are everywhere visible the signs of a rash, untutored mediocrity striving to make up by loud declamation and partisan fervour for the entire want of political insight. The Assembly at Versailles is a mere bear-garden. Nothing can be more melancholy than to read the accounts of the President ringing his bell for a whole afternoon in order to ensure the silence which ought to be accorded at once, but which the unmeaning fury of contending partisans makes impossible. And all the time that this senseless din is going on, one set of Frenchmen is striving to burn other Frenchmen alive, and another set of Frenchmen is engaged in using the mitrailleuse as the readiest and speediest means of despatching unarmed prisoners. It is quite true that a great nation is not ruined in a day, and the quiet, industrious, simple life of France has within it a force which may possibly prevail over the turmoil and confusion of Paris. The nation may show a collective wisdom the signs of which are not apparent in any of the men who are now most prominent. But it is difficult to say at present where we are to turn to find streaks of light in the gloomy sky. There is not even reaction in the direction of an orderly and methodical reactionary government. There are merely hollow phrases as unmeaning and vapid in the cause of order as the phrases recently uttered in the name and for the cause of liberty, and acts of a brutal, narrow, short-sighted vengeance. How widely reaching and powerful is the spirit of falsity and delusion now prevailing in France could scarcely be better typified than by the fact that numbers of respectable and moderate men are firmly persuaded that the Germans are at the

bottom of the late troubles in Paris, and that the conquerors of France have secretly planned the destruction of the capital, in order that the superiority of Paris to Berlin might no longer hurt their feelings. The power of judging events soberly and accurately seems lost for the time to France. No one guides France, or leads her into the right path, or appeals to her higher or nobler feelings. There is nothing but a weary waste, tenanted by the rival fiends of an undying hatred of outlaws and the arrogant selfishness of triumphant reactionaries. Europe has in its midst the plague of one of its greatest nations torn asunder by factions almost equally despicable, and the evil is made only the more intense by the probability that, unless new men and a new policy are unexpectedly forthcoming, this play of bad contending forces will only lead from bad to worse.

THE COMMUNE AND ITS ENGLISH SYMPATHIZERS.

THE English allies and admirers of the late Government of Paris have already commenced an agitation in favour of its defeated or fugitive members. It is rather to be wished than to be hoped that none of Mr. BEESLEY's incendiary or murderous friends may succeed in escaping to England; for M. JULES FAVRE's Circular may possibly cause some embarrassment to the English Government. It happens, by a whimsical turn of fortune, that the Minister who signs the demand for extradition was only six months ago to have been welcomed by a tumultuous assemblage in the streets of London at the instigation of the same demagogues who now insist that his official request shall be summarily refused. It was enough for the enemies of the English Constitution that M. FAVRE and his colleagues had been raised to power by the unauthorised mandate of a rabble; and that, although in a certain sense friends of order, they professed a fanatical devotion to the name of a Republic. Since that time M. FAVRE has deviated into the path of loyalty and duty by concurring in the suppression of the wildest and wickedest revolt which has disgraced any modern community. The rebels of Montmartre and of Belleville renounced the sovereignty not of any special Government, but of the French nation, with the avowed purpose of organizing a separate Republic in Paris on the basis of what the majority of mankind regard as simple anarchy. The abolition of property, the supremacy of a single class, the prohibition of the only religion known to the ignorant leaders of the movement, were to be the achievements of the triumphant Commune, though the accomplishment of the task was necessarily postponed during the struggle. As a foretaste of Red Republican toleration, the Archbishop of PARIS and a number of the clergy were imprisoned without the smallest provocation, to be afterwards basely murdered. The churches were desecrated, and the sacred emblems were removed from all ecclesiastical buildings and schools on the impudent pretext that they were inconsistent with religious liberty. The general spoliation of secular property was unavoidably adjourned to a time of leisure, when the respectable inhabitants at Paris would be finally at the mercy of the mob. The Commune, the Central Committee of the National Guard, the Committee of Public Safety, and the secret leaders who managed the complex administration, would have laughed at the remarkable theory that they were subverting society for the sake of establishing a Mayor and Corporation after the English model; but it is not surprising that an unprecedented movement should have puzzled even intelligent politicians. The members of the International Society understood better the principles and plans of their associates, although perhaps they may have blamed the partial and temporary moderation which was abandoned in the closing scene of the struggle. The destruction of the palaces and public monuments of Paris naturally wins sympathy from the apologist of BROADHEAD; nor can it be denied that the secret assassinations of Sheffield pale into obscurity in the lurid glare of the French conflagration and massacre.

Perhaps even Mr. GLADSTONE may have learned by the experience of the French civil war the danger of encouraging mob processions and flattering revolutionary agitators. There is a wide difference between the demolition of the old Hyde Park railings and the destruction of the Tuileries, but both exploits represent the lawlessness of the mob. It would not have been easy to buy off DELESCLUZE or FLOURENS with a petty judicial office; but in London, as in Paris, there are agitators inspired with a serious and malignant purpose. At a late meeting of the English branch of the International Association it was proposed that a deputation should invite the sympathy

of the Government for the defeated rebels of Paris. In no former time could there have been a doubt whether any member of an English Cabinet could be found to receive such a message; and it may be hoped that if the revolutionists persevere in their project, even Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRUCE may recognise the impropriety of a concession which, in addition to other objections, would be a wanton insult to the French nation and Government. The officious intrusion of foreign adventurers into the councils of the London anarchists ought to supply, if it were necessary, an additional reason for answering the disturbers of order only through the police. It is to be regretted that the victorious French soldiery should have been allowed to practise reprisals even on the male and female demons who were engaged in the final acts of arson and murder; and it is but too probable that their vengeance was often misdirected. There can be little doubt that the civil and military authorities will as soon as possible repress retaliatory violence, and it is not the business of foreigners to dictate to the French Government the nature or limits of the retribution which it may think fit to inflict. Dispassionate bystanders are perhaps better judges both of equity and of political expediency than the immediate parties to the conflict; but, on the other hand, the victims and indignant opponents of treason are not likely to be misled by pedantic excuses about municipal autonomy. One well-known set of sophists is especially attracted to the cause of the Commune, as to the fulfilment of their prophet's aspiration for a division of France into twenty or thirty republics. It is not to be supposed that the witnesses of the desolation of Paris are more likely to pardon the worst of crimes because they were committed in promotion of the crazy projects of COMTE.

One of the most valuable lessons of the late disasters may be drawn from the ignoble helplessness of the veteran eulogists of Jacobinism and of the old Reign of Terror. For an entire generation M. LOUIS BLANC and M. VICTOR HUGO had been engaged in deifying ROBESPIERRE, as THIERS and BÉRANGER had, with almost equally mischievous results, erected NAPOLEON into an idol. For the cruelties and follies of the First Revolution they were fertile in excuses, and there were no bounds to their enthusiastic admiration of its vigour. Their disciples have applied their doctrines with some exaggeration in practice, and the preachers of communistic democracy, while they shrank from the crimes of their followers, have neither been able to mediate between the combatants, nor have they attempted to calm the passions which their writings have fostered. It is only when the struggle is over that M. VICTOR HUGO publishes a bombastic invitation to refugees to accept the hospitality of his house in Brussels. The Belgian authorities have naturally replied to his impertinence by an order to quit the country. M. LOUIS BLANC is probably still unconvinced that consistent Red Republicans are the enemies of the human race; and perhaps he attributes the failure and the atrocities of the Commune to their adoption of the heresy of HEBERT and CHAUMETTE, who were guillotined by the saintly and heroic ROBESPIERRE. The partial destruction of the Holy City of Paris may also shock a fanatic of orthodox Jacobinism. Ten years hence the BLANCs and HUGOs of the day will boast that only French or Parisian audacity could have risen to the sublime conception of an unprecedented crime. In England the literary advocates of revolution are more didactic in their addresses to an audience which has not yet learned to approve the murder in cold blood even of an Archbishop. Although some of them will still defend the Commune, their energies are more profitably employed in loosening the foundations of property and in denouncing the monopoly of land. The International Society and the Land and Labour League cannot but rejoice in the progress of Mr. MILL and his followers. It was by tampering with the rights of property that M. LOUIS BLANC and his predecessors prepared the way for the Commune.

Notwithstanding the just indignation which is felt against the criminals of Paris, and the disgust which is provoked by the language of the London demagogues, it will be the duty of the Government to guard, even in an extreme case, the right of sanctuary which has long been accorded to all political exiles. No objection can be taken to Mr. BRUCE's statement that all demands of extradition would be carefully examined, but there may be much difficulty in distinguishing between private crimes and acts of civil war. If the Tuileries had been burned, not in mere revenge and malice, but to delay the progress of the troops, an incendiary who might have escaped to England could not be surrendered without a violation of established principles. The assassins who murdered the prelates and priests were not engaged in measures of

defence, and it would be absurd to regard their villany as a political proceeding; but there is reason to hope that the actual murderers will not have found their way to England. If an established Government were to shoot its prisoners, it would not be the duty of England after a change of fortune to surrender the functionaries who must have directed the execution, if by any change of fortune they were compelled to take refuge in England. Except when its cause became finally hopeless, the Commune enjoyed, as far as foreigners are concerned, the immunities of an insurgent Government; nor would it be the business of an English magistrate or Minister to inquire whether its administration was unnecessarily severe. If the alleged answer of the Spanish Government to the French reclamation is genuine, King AMADEUS and his Ministers cannot be congratulated on the dignity or prudence of their policy. It is better to err on the side of an excessive adherence to the right of asylum than to undertake, under pressure of excited feeling, the support of any party in a foreign country. Before any French refugee is surrendered it will be necessary under the Extradition Act to require the strictest proof, not only that he has committed a crime within the terms of the treaty of extradition, but that his guilt was not in any degree of a political character. It is necessary to maintain sound principles even when they coincide with the demands of the International Association.

FRANCE.

NOW that Paris is taken, France has to think of what it is to do next, and, above all, of how it is to be governed, and who is to govern it. There must evidently be a restoration of the Empire, or a Legitimist Monarchy, or a continuance of the Republic, and according to their wishes men interpret the signs of the times in favour of the Government of their predilection. The scheme of an Imperialist Regency has naturally died away before the terrible news from Paris. If Imperialism is wanted at all, it must be wanted because it is the best engine of repression, and it is the EMPEROR, and not his son or his wife, who is supposed to be a masterhand in that unpleasant line of business. The letter of Prince NAPOLEON to JULES FAVRE is the first manifesto of the BONAPARTES, and is for the most part a silly tirade of unmeaning abuse. JULES FAVRE and his colleagues were, according to the views of the Prince, entitled to set up a Government of their own on the sole condition of success. They failed, and their failure has done infinite harm to France. Things are now much worse than they would have been if the EMPEROR had been allowed to make terms at Sedan, and had come back humbly and quietly to Paris. The answer to this is that such a state of things was at the time wholly impossible. France in its grief and rage would never have endured that the EMPEROR should at the moment of his great defeat have signed away French provinces, and come with his beaten and demoralized army to keep order in the capital. No French Government could have made peace with the enemy while Paris was not yet approached, and while the belief in the gigantic strength and superhuman energy of provincial levies still remained unshaken. All that France wanted was a Government that was not that of the EMPEROR, and that would go on fighting; and JULES FAVRE and his friends at least so far offered France what it wanted. It is quite true that the Government of National Defence made blunder after blunder, and that the Assembly and M. THIERS have done no better. But then no Frenchmen of any party have shown capacity or statesmanship. They have simply drifted along, borne by the tide of events, which they watched without controlling. No one who reads Prince NAPOLEON's letter, or knows anything of his history, can believe that he could have contributed anything to the welfare of his country; and the EMPEROR was a captive; to say nothing of the impossibility of France, in the crisis of its sorrow and indignation, welcoming back the author of its misfortunes. But now that the German war and the civil war are over, the question whether the EMPEROR should be restored stands in a very different position. To have the Empire over again merely to escape from the haunting terrors of the Red Republic would be an exceedingly bad thing for France. It would go far to show that France is incapable of any real improvement. But if it is merely to be decided what form a reactionary Government shall assume, there is very much to be said for the EMPEROR as against the Count of CHAM-BORD. The EMPEROR has shown that he can rule; while the capacities of the Count are only a matter of guesswork.

The EMPEROR, too, is not merely the representative of violent clerical antipathies, and of the hatreds and prejudices of a feeble and antiquated aristocracy. He might be trusted to think of France as well as of a party. He would be able to judge what France could do, and his long diplomatic experience would come to his aid in determining the difficult relations of France with foreign countries. He is, too, a humane man, in spite of the *coup d'état*, and he knows too much of revolutions to believe in suppressing them by wholesale massacres. He and his family have always expressed the utmost confidence in the result of allowing France to express freely by universal suffrage what Government it would have; and although a vote by universal suffrage by no means shows that a nation knows what it really wants, or what would be best for it, there is in the present state of chaos and confusion some force in the argument that the best Government would be that which would be acceptable to the largest number.

The ORLEANS Princes are understood to have agreed that if a BOURBON is to be king, it shall be HENRY V. If the BOURBONS are to rule, it is because they represent the principle of Legitimacy and the party of reaction. The people who think their time is now come do not want any half measures, Constitutional government, Parliamentary debates, incomings and outgoings of Ministries. They want a good wholesome White Terror, and no mistake about it. They want to have the innings out of which they have so long been kept; and HENRY V. will be at once the symbol and the means of their triumph. Legitimacy, too, in their eyes presents a basis for government which no other form of authority can offer. It rules because it is divinely appointed to rule. It gives men not a political arrangement, but a belief, if only they could be got to believe in it. It would have a vigorous foreign policy which, as is well known, is something peculiarly gratifying to France. The *Univers* explains that HENRY V., after tearing up the infamous treaty with Prussia, will proceed to restore the POPE to his temporal sovereignty. It must be very comforting to the Italians to know that this is the order in which these tasks are to be undertaken, and they may reasonably calculate that if Rome is to be the capital of Italy until Metz is retaken, they may feel safe for some time to come. At home all that Legitimists think good would be in full glory and force. The priests would have the next generation under their exclusive control, and would train up children to read proper books and not throw petroleum about. The churches would be beautified, multiplied, and filled, and ladies of the highest principles and the best taste would make Paris the centre of fashion and elegance. But the Orleanists might hope that a part of their programme would some day be fulfilled. The Count of CHAMBORD is childless, and when the Count of PARIS comes to the throne it might be possible to turn Legitimacy in the direction of Parliamentary government. They may hope that if HENRY V. is to represent in France Austria before Sadowa, they and their friends may represent in France Austria after Sadowa. Parliamentary government is impossible now in France, but the reign of HENRY V. might be much more likely to lead to it than the restoration of the Empire or the continuance of the Republic; for a Republic will either last, and then Parliamentary government will not be wanted, or it will fail even more utterly than it has done, and then despotism is inevitable. If the present Assembly had to determine the future of France, there can be no doubt that what between the passions of the White Terrorists and the calculations of the Orleanists, the experiment of a Legitimist Monarchy would be tried at once; and although the Assembly would probably feel bound to refer its decision to the sanction of a popular vote, the control of the Government for the time being over French electors is so great that the chances are much in favour of France ratifying the choice of HENRY V., if the majority of the Assembly could get the management of affairs into its own hands and boldly announced what its views and wishes were.

But M. THIERS is very much in the way of the Assembly, and M. THIERS seems resolved that the Republic shall go on if he can make it go on. Since the restoration of order in Paris he has twice announced that he is persistently and heartily for the Republic. How great his difficulties will be may be judged from the statement of M. PICARD to General DUCROT that it is difficult to remove a Republican prefect, because Republican prefects are so hard to find. It is not only that the great body of the electors of France are against a Republic, but there are not enough Republicans to carry on adequately the machinery of a Republican Government. It might, therefore, seem ludicrous to think of maintaining the Republic. But there are some

points in favour of M. THIERS and the Republic that deserve to be considered. The Republic is now the expression of the feelings and principles of the best men in France. It is not that such men are Republicans; but they see that if they mean to make a stand against the White Terror, and to lead France on to something better than it has shown itself in recent years, it is in the name of the Republic they must make their stand. General TROCHU made a remarkable speech this week in the Assembly, in which he said that the evils of France might be traced to two causes—the abandonment by Frenchmen of the control over their own affairs, and the excessive spread of luxury and corruption. He chose to assume that France had borrowed luxury from England and corruption from Italy. We should have thought that England and Italy had learnt much more on those heads from France than they had taught it. But that is a small matter. What is certain is, that it is not through a Legitimist monarchy that France is to regain the control over its affairs; nor is it through a restored Empire that it is to free itself from the taint of luxury and corruption. General DUCROT replied to TROCHU in a violent speech, in which he exhausted the familiar phrases of the reactionary party about there being only two parties in France—the party of order, which is absolutely good, and the party of disorder, which is absolutely bad; and his sentiments have found a more elaborate expression in the columns of a Versailles journal, which cries out against the dislike exhibited by even staunch friends of the Government in Paris to the butcheries which have been going on under the name of executions. Any one who will read the manifestoes of such journals on the one hand, and on the other the articles in which some few courageous and honourable men like M. LEMOINNE have stood up for the preservation of decency in the treatment of the insurgents, will see that the immediate question which France has to solve is, whether government is to be carried on in the spirit of TROCHU or the spirit of DUCROT. The present Ministry, indeed, is quickly disappearing, or has already disappeared. The men of the 4th of September are all to go back into obscurity. But M. THIERS will certainly see whether, by filling their places with men of station, experience, and sense, he cannot retain his mastery over the Assembly, and keep France from rushing headlong from the depths of anarchy into the depths of despotism. The names of those who are spoken of as likely to replace the outgoing Ministers are the names of well-known Orleanists; and next week it is expected that the ORLEANS Princes themselves will be allowed to take their places in the Assembly. MACMAHON is said to be in harmony with M. THIERS; and with the army kept faithful by its favourite general, and a Ministry composed of men known and esteemed at home and abroad, it is not absolutely impossible that M. THIERS may keep things as they are until France has regained something of that calmness and confidence which ought to prevail before she is called on to fix what her destiny shall be until the next Revolution.

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

THE Committee on the Diplomatic and Consular Services, having been reappointed at the beginning of the Session, has published a First Report of little interest. The principal recommendations of the Committee tend to the increase of salaries as a partial compensation for the slowness of promotion and for the rise in the cost of living. Mr. RYLANDS, happily described by Mr. DISRAELI as a didactic member, proposed an alternative Report of greater bulk than value, to the effect that diplomatic expenditure should be reduced, and that the vacancies in the service should be supplied by competition. In his cross-examination of witnesses Mr. RYLANDS had attempted to show that diplomatic agents were useless, inasmuch as they had failed to discover some secrets, and as their suggestions and remonstrances had been occasionally disregarded. In his draft Report Mr. RYLANDS illustrates the expediency of frugal payment by contrasting the salaries which were respectively allowed to foreign Ministers by the late French Empire and by the United States; yet, as he sarcastically observes, French diplomacy was incapable of averting a great catastrophe, while the interests of the United States are not known to have suffered by the incapacity of American representatives. In the course of the inquiry Mr. RYLANDS had not less irrelevantly taunted the English Government with real or supposed failures in negotiation. It is not necessarily a proof of the incapacity of an advocate when the verdict goes against his client. Still less can a diplomatic misadventure prove the inexpediency of employing diplomatic agents. The

fallacy of considering that the influence of the United States is due to the peculiar ability of American negotiators has often been exposed. American Ministers stationed at European Courts, unless they happen to possess private fortunes, always find themselves in an uncomfortable position; and as a general rule they have nothing to do except to show civility to their travelling fellow-citizens. In England, or in any other country with which they have occasion to negotiate, they often succeed in their efforts because they have a resolute and inaccessible community at their back. The Treaty of Washington, though it was actually framed by an unusually able body of Commissioners, might have been imposed upon a pliant Government by the most unskilled of diplomatists. Lord GRANVILLE in the Russian Conference, and Lord DE GREY and his colleagues at Washington, were only required to give the most decorous form to unqualified concession. If all diplomatic transactions were equally simple, perhaps Mr. RYLANDS would be justified in proposing that such work should be done as cheaply as possible.

The long-standing controversy between the Foreign Office and the India Office as to the appointment of the Minister to Persia is solved by a compromise which is equivalent to the process of splitting the difference. Lord CLARENDON, adopting the opinion of Lord PALMERSTON, had maintained the exclusive claim of the Foreign Secretary, while experienced Indian politicians held almost unanimously that the relations of Persia were rather with India than with England and Europe. The truth is that the greater or less dependence of Persia upon Russia is the most important matter which a Minister at Teheran can observe and control. The Foreign Office is better acquainted than any other department with the policy of St. Petersburg; and, on the other hand, the danger which may arise from the alliance of Persia with Russia relates exclusively to India. The Committee, having, according to the Report, balanced the conflicting evidence, abstain from recommending the transfer of the appointment to the Secretary of State for India, but, on the other hand, they suggest that Indians of experience would generally be the best qualified candidates for the post. There can be no doubt that an Indian career offers the best preparation for dealing with Asiatics. It would never occur to an old Indian diplomatist that it was necessary to believe the statement of a Persian informant; and at the same time he would not be shocked or repelled by the habitual practice of mendacity. There is no objection to the introduction of strangers into the more exceptional diplomatic employments, for no experience acquired at civilized courts would be practically useful among Eastern politicians. The China and Japan missions, again, necessarily form in themselves a kind of separate service, requiring special knowledge and experience. The English Minister at Peking is principally employed in protecting his countrymen against aggression, and in restraining them from imprudent violation of the laws and customs of the country. It is desirable that he should, if possible, be familiar with Chinese habits and modes of thought.

The Committee, while they regret the slowness of advancement in a close profession, nevertheless consider that the Secretary of State should from time to time exercise his discretion by appointing Ministers from outside. It is not likely that the power will be largely exercised, although Parliamentary support and official labour have sometimes been rewarded by nomination to a mission. An ambassador who knows the details and etiquette of his business probably saves trouble both to himself and to the Secretary of State, and there is sometimes an advantage in the neutral and non-conducting temper which is common to diplomatists and to legal advocates. The majority of the Committee has not regarded with favour the proposal that the clerks in the Foreign Office should, in ordinary cases, exchange their offices at home for diplomatic posts. The Secretary of State has always the option of transferring either a clerk or a Secretary of Legation into the other branch of the service, but on the whole it is found that in all professions a division of labour recommends itself to experienced administrators. Mr. RYLANDS failed to convince the Committee that it was necessary to trouble the heads of missions with the supervision of the official reports and essays which have of late years exercised the industry of Secretaries of Legation. Unless a Minister were himself to undertake the distasteful labour of composing the reports, it is more convenient that his subordinate should have the credit and responsibility of his own compilation. After a time, as the more prominent subjects become exhausted, it is not improbable that the modern practice may be discontinued. It must often be an irksome task to collect statistics and compose treatises which will be buried

in the archives of the Foreign Office without finding either an official or a voluntary reader. It is only in youth that a Secretary of Legation will be able to persuade himself that his exertions will be appreciated by his superiors or by the community at large.

The most satisfactory paragraph in the Report consists of a statement that the expenditure on the Diplomatic Service has not been extravagant, and that its conduct has not been inefficient. It also appeared to the Committee "that many economies, reforms, and improvements in the administration of the service have from time to time been introduced by successive Chiefs of the Foreign Service." If the Committee had published its full opinion, it would perhaps have expressed a doubt whether there had been any sufficient reason for the inquiry within nine or ten years from the date of the last Report on the subject. The evidence, chiefly published in last autumn, was amusing and occasionally interesting, as might be expected from witnesses who were summing up the experiences of their lives. The most practical part of the Report suggests the increase of salaries; but in disregarding the fussy proposals of some of the more busy members, the majority of the Committee showed their good sense. Mr. RYLANDS will have to find some other opportunity of instructing his colleagues in the House of Commons, and Sir C. DILKE will be sufficiently occupied with censures on the conduct of the Government, with agitation under the auspices of Mr. MILL for the purpose of unsettling the institution of property, and with the advocacy of revolutionary measures in general. Members of Parliament are patriotic, active, and sometimes not wholly without ability, but it may be doubted whether a restless spirit of curiosity is a high political quality. The Report of the Diplomatic Committee, except so far as it is judiciously negative, is less instructive than the evidence of almost any single witness who was examined. Perhaps the most useful suggestion which could have been made would have been a recommendation that newer and abler substitutes should be found for the representatives of England at some great foreign Courts; but it is not necessary for a Committee to inform Secretaries of State that they are bound to discharge the most obvious of their duties. Their future labours will probably be devoted to the Consular Service, which may perhaps admit of improvement. The presentation of a separate Report on the Diplomatic Service is apparently equivalent to a rejection of the scheme for amalgamating the two systems. In this instance also a loss of efficiency might probably result from the fusion of distinct professions.

THE RESULTS OF THE ARMY BILL.

THE Army Organization Bill has arrived at a stage at which it may be useful to compare the progress made with it and its ultimate prospects with the anticipations formed and expressed at the outset of the Session, and the requirements which the measure was ostensibly designed to satisfy. People are already almost beginning to forget the state of feeling which compelled Mr. GLADSTONE to introduce an Army Bill at all; and when the subject is discussed in public or in private the idea that the Bill is intended to redeem the promise of the QUEEN'S Speech, that the lessons of the late war should be seriously applied, is the last that any one dreams of suggesting. We hear much even now about the merits of the condemned purchase system, and more about the claims of purchase and non-purchase officers; but what was supposed to be the main purpose of the Bill—the organization of a thoroughly sufficient force for defence, not liable to be dissipated on the first return of the parsimony ague—seems to have dropped out of mind as completely as if it were an exploded fallacy of the middle ages. And it is well for the Government that this is so. Without the promise of effectual action in this direction, they could not have lived through the first few months of the Session; but it may be very possible to get over the last few months without making good any of their pledges. On the strength of their good intentions they maintained, in a fashion, their popularity while feeling ran high upon the subject, and have obtained authority to apply a very large amount of unequally raised taxation to army purposes. How much additional strength we are likely to secure in return for these sacrifices becomes every day more and more problematical. Two-thirds of the Session have passed since Mr. CARDWELL announced the determination of the Government to effect three great reforms; first, to abolish purchase and substitute a working scheme of promotion by selection; secondly, to devise a programme for voluntary recruiting which

should largely add to the strength both of our Army and Militia; thirdly, to found an adequate and trustworthy Reserve. For the first object he asked many millions, of which about 600,000*l.* was to be spent this year; for the rest he demanded an immediate increase of more than 2,000,000*l.* in the Army Estimates, a large portion of which would form a permanent addition to our annual expenditure. On condition that the objects proposed were secured, no serious objection was raised or threatened to this large expenditure, and the money for this year has already been voted. It is worth while to consider what the country is likely to get for it.

We think we may assume that in some shape or other the purchase clauses will be passed, though the steadily diminishing majorities of the Government may be thought to throw some doubt even on this. But with purchase abolished and the necessary millions spent, it is by no means clear that any satisfactory system of promotion will be substituted. Mr. CARDWELL, with the supercilious meekness which is one of his gifts, has submitted to incessant taunts and evaded repeated inquiries as to the machinery of promotion and retirement by which he proposes to supplant the existing system. Too much credit perhaps for judicious reticence ought not to be given to a Minister who is often silent or ambiguous because he does not know what to say; but whether it arises from policy or necessity, the fact remains that no member of the Government has, ever so sketchily, shadowed out the rule of the future which is to keep our army supplied with vigorous, able, and instructed officers in place of the young and dashing, though sometimes ill-informed, commanders who have purchased the right to lead our troops to glorious victory or scarcely less glorious destruction as a happy inspiration or an unlucky blunder may determine. The old method was pretty certain to maintain the honour of the British army by a sufficiently frequent reproduction of the tactics of Inkermann and Balaklava, and, in spite of their needless slaughter, such exploits are not to be undervalued. If the old heroism could be combined with more science, we should have an ideal army, and something of this sort was what we were led to expect. What are the prospects of it now? There is the old difficulty looking as impracticable as ever. When purchase is gone, some means must be found of making officers retire (as they now do) three or four times as fast as death, age, or special circumstances would carry them off. At least three out of four vacancies are created now by the power of money. When men are no longer paid to go, how are they to be got out of the way of promising juniors? Mr. CARDWELL admits that he has not the faintest idea how this problem is to be solved. And yet, if it is not solved, we shall have a body of subalterns, it may be of rare capacity and infinite daring, rendered useless by the senile infirmity of mind and body which is the destined lot of all, with few exceptions, who attain to advanced age, and which the superior officers of the British Army will not escape. The apparent helplessness of the Government on this subject is enough to chill the enthusiasm of the keenest opponents of a system which, if called by its right name, is nothing less than legalized corruption. But no doubt purchase will be rightly abolished, and we must wait for a stronger Administration to deal with the problems which will necessarily follow.

If the prospect in the matter of finding a substitute for the purchase system is not very encouraging, the prospect of seeing the still more important remainder of the Government promises performed may be said to have disappeared altogether. The defence clauses of the Bill were never very satisfactory, and it has now been made clear beyond a doubt that the hopes held out by Mr. CARDWELL cannot possibly be realized. The Government scheme, if anything so visionary can be called a scheme at all, was to shorten the period of service in the ranks to less than one-half of its former duration—allowance being made for the abandonment, as a rule, of the old plan of re-enlistments. This, coupled with a small numerical increase, would have required fully twice as many recruits as the old system. Formerly we raised about 17,000 recruits a year, the number being sometimes increased under special pressure beyond 20,000, but never having exceeded 25,000; the theory was that notwithstanding the abolition of bounties, the short service conditions would attract twice as many men as before, and on the correctness of this anticipation the whole scheme depended. It is not now disputed that subsequent experience has shown—that previous experience had rendered extremely probable—that short service, instead of doubling the inducement to enlist, has seriously diminished it, and that instead of obtaining the 35,000 or thereabouts needed as a minimum to keep up the army under the proposed regulations, the greatest possible difficulty will be incurred in maintaining even the old rate of

17,000 a year. In fact, at present, nothing like this rate of recruiting on the new conditions has been attained, although the standard of height has been lowered to help the experiment, and boys under the regulation age have, it is said, been freely accepted. If therefore the Government adhere to their project, the army must gradually fall from a strength of 180,000 to less than 100,000, of whom 80,000 would be abroad, and our last state would be considerably worse than our first. At the same time, the Reserve, instead of attaining adequate strength, as Mr. CARDWELL promised, in twelve years, will take twenty-four years before it can be said to be sufficient. Of course it must be apparent even to the Ministers that under these circumstances their new terms of voluntary recruiting must be abandoned, in practice if not on paper; and when this is done, what is to become of the extra millions raised for the purpose of working it, and what excuse remains for the sixpenny Income-tax? We think we can answer the first of these questions, though the second baffles us. The money will go in great part to fill the void created in stores by the sham economies of last year, and the rest can easily be used in patching the defects of the newly-invented Department of Control.

This will be a poor satisfaction of the reasonable demand with which the year commenced for a thoroughly efficient organization of defence.

MR. GLADSTONE ON IRISH DISAFFECTION.

MR. GLADSTONE'S speech in answer to the Irish opponents of the Westmeath Bill was one of the best in temper and taste which he has lately delivered. For once he took courage to reprove the factious persistence of patriots who have the satisfaction of knowing that their protests against a necessary measure will be practically useless. It may perhaps be thought a waste of time to reprove Mr. DOWNING and Sir JOHN GRAY, but it is a relief to find Mr. GLADSTONE on the side of law, of order, and of common sense. When he repeats the conventional expression of regret for the adoption of unconstitutional measures, Mr. GLADSTONE is perhaps the only member who is thoroughly sincere. In dealing with Ribbonmen and other murderous conspirators it is impossible to abide strictly by the rules of the legal game as they have been established for their own use by prosaic Englishmen. It is a graver evil that assassins should render life insecure and miserable than that some of them should from time to time be locked up without a formal proof of guilt; but Mr. GLADSTONE has repeatedly apologized for Irish crime as the venial result of English injustice, and he must be disappointed by the imperfect success of his own bold efforts to redress former wrongs. Without sharing the moral judgment of Bishop NULTY, who thinks that the Ribbon conspiracy was originally justifiable, Mr. GLADSTONE probably regards it as having become more culpable since the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the transfer of a large interest in the land from the proprietor to the occupier. In his reply to Sir JOHN GRAY and Mr. MARTIN he expressed a sanguine confidence that the effects of the former relations of Irish society would gradually disappear with the abolition of their supposed causes. It is perhaps more reasonable to hope that the disease may eventually be extirpated by the forcible suppression of its symptoms. The irresponsible despotism of secret societies is too attractive and too profitable to yield to any gentle treatment. The imminent risk of punishment may perhaps interrupt the tradition of the Ribbon conspiracy; and in time it may dawn on the intelligence of Mr. MARTIN's noble and pious peasantry that even in Westmeath station-masters ought not to be shot for protecting from depredation the coals which are entrusted by their employers to their charge.

Mr. MARTIN objects not so much to the Westmeath Bill as to the jurisdiction of the Imperial Parliament; but, in common with the GRAYS and MAGUIRES, he partially defends crime because it is about to be checked by alien legislation. When he has succeeded in achieving the independence of Ireland he ought in consistency to tolerate the anarchy which was described by the witnesses to the Select Committee. The noble and pious peasants would probably continue to send threatening letters and to shoot contumacious station-masters, although an Irish Parliament were sitting in Dublin. The Ribbon Society has never affected any special hostility to Englishmen, although in some instances it has directed its energies against Protestants; but the advocates of separation sympathize to some extent with any movement which may tend to embarrass English administration. Mr. BUTT, who has become the chief orator of Irish disaffection, always speaks with

tenderness both of Ribbonmen and of Fenians. Hostility to the lawgiver readily serves as an excuse for violation of the law. The political section of the priesthood seems at present to waver between its dislike of secret organizations and its anxiety to retain its popularity; but ultimately the clergy of the Roman Church can scarcely fail to understand that their power would be more seriously threatened by revolution than by the benevolent indifference of English Liberalism. Although Mr. MARTIN is probably sincere in his wish to create a Kingdom of Ireland, the inevitable result of disruption would be the establishment of a democratic Republic. There was a time when a Government of the rabble might have been made subservient to clerical ambition; but modern revolutionists are inveterately hostile to every form of religion. If the priests as a body follow the guidance of Mr. BUTT, they will practically admit that they have lost the power of choosing their own political course.

Mr. GLADSTONE, with becoming confidence, challenged Mr. MARTIN to try whether secession or loyalty shall ultimately prevail in Ireland. He has bid high for the reconciliation in which he trusts, and he has undoubtedly deprived his adversaries of the benefit both of material and of ideal grievances. It may be true that the Irish laity cared little or nothing for the abolition of the Irish Establishment, but institutions which are theoretically indefensible are a grave incumbrance to the Governments which maintain them. Englishmen and foreigners were more incapable than Irishmen of understanding how little harm was done by the Irish Church. To the Roman Catholic clergy it was offensive both through spiritual competition and by social superiority. Mr. GLADSTONE would have accomplished a great act of statesmanship if, instead of merely suppressing an anomaly, he had used a part of the endowments at his disposal in purchasing the loyalty of parish priests and schoolmasters. Unfortunately the bigotry of the English Nonconformists defeated the policy which had been approved by every statesman from the days of PITT. The Irish Land Bill was a bolder enterprise; and at the cost of much hardship to landowners, it has probably satisfied in a great degree the expectations of the occupiers. It is well that Mr. GLADSTONE should be personally interested in the success of his own daring innovations; for in yielding to the demands of Mr. MARTIN and Mr. BUTT he would confess the utter failure of his policy. Whether the demand for Irish independence is, as Mr. GLADSTONE calls it, an anachronism, can only be shown by time. It is a sufficient reason for peremptorily refusing even to discuss the proposed concession that the integrity of the United Kingdom must be maintained; but Mr. GLADSTONE'S conscience perhaps requires the assurance that justice has been done to Ireland. He has cut off two of the three boughs of his celebrated upas tree; and perhaps he may have abandoned the intention of solving the hopeless problem of Irish education. Archbishop M'HALE and other clerical agitators may threaten to join Mr. BUTT if they are refused entire control over Roman Catholic schools and colleges; but they cannot forget that Mr. MARTIN was returned, in spite of all the efforts of the clergy, by a party which feels no enthusiasm for denominational education.

Candid English politicians can scarcely, without a certain sense of hypocrisy, discuss the inexpediency for Irish interests of a scheme which is to themselves inadmissible on other grounds; but it may be confidently asserted that no country in the world is less fitted than Ireland to form an independent State. Separation from England would be immediately followed by a social revolution of which the expropriation of the landowners would only form the commencement. The class to which Mr. MARTIN belongs would be swept away by the catastrophe, although there might still be employment for professional declaimers such as Mr. BUTT. It would also be necessary to fight out the feud between Catholics and Protestants, and the still profounder quarrel between the Republic and the Roman Church. It is evidently assumed by the London revolutionists that the Irish mob will resent the brutal murder of the Archbishop of PARIS; and similar grounds of dissension would incessantly divide the Fenians from the bulk of the peasantry, including the Ribbonmen. Only the ignorance and bigotry of the more troublesome Irish priests could blind them to the risk of promoting dissension when it may possibly turn to the advantage of the Red Republic. The allies of BLANQUET regard a Roman Catholic priest with a deadlier hatred than that which they feel even for an upright magistrate or a respectable member of lay society. The example of France is a warning against the withdrawal of external compression from the sections of a divided society. As Dublin is not considerable enough to play the part of Paris, the leaders of the peasantry

would perhaps ultimately obtain the ascendancy, or perhaps the island might be unequally divided into a Northern and a Southern Republic. It is not improbable that an interval of anarchy would be followed by an English reconquest; and it is useless to carry conjecture further. Wise statesmen will not let chaos loose in the vague hope that it may ultimately settle into some kind of order. The material prosperity of Ireland ought to diminish discontent; and the Government will best promote its continuance and extension by affording full security, even at the cost of constitutional irregularities, to life and property. Demands for separation must be met by assurances that any such scheme is inadmissible, or, if Mr. GLADSTONE prefers the phrase, that it is a sheer anachronism.

THE LAW OF GAME AND TRESPASS.

FURTHER Parliamentary discussion of the law of Game and Trespass may be assisted by observing how the same matters are regulated abroad. It has been perceived, both in Continental Europe and America, that game is valuable as an article of food, and the economical reasons for preserving it are not supposed to be in conflict with moral considerations which dictate its extirpation. In the United States the laws for the protection of game always profess to be directed towards ensuring, not the profit or enjoyment of the proprietors of land, but the popular and general advantage. But, nevertheless, there is not the slightest indication in these laws that the game on private land is to be considered the property of the State or of any other person than the landlord. By the law of the State of New York, any person trespassing upon lands owned or occupied by another, for the purpose of shooting, hunting, or fishing thereon, after public notice forbidding such trespass, shall be liable to such owner or occupant in exemplary damages not exceeding 25 dollars. By the law of Virginia, if any person shall "shoot, hunt, or range" on land not his own, he shall forfeit 3 dollars for the first offence, 6 dollars for the second, and 9 for the third, which penalties are doubled if the offence be committed on Sunday or during the night. In Pennsylvania an amended Colonial Act is still on the Statute-book, and by it poaching is punished by a penalty of 10 dollars, or by thirty days' imprisonment. The main purpose of these laws is, however, the preservation of the game for the use of the people, and to provide against its wanton destruction by the mischievous or ignorant; and probably it has been found, especially in the old Eastern States, where the population is largest and the supply of game is smallest, that the only effectual means of preventing its extinction is to give to the proprietors of land a direct interest and efficient protection in preserving it. But in the vast regions of the West and South, where as yet population is scanty and game abundant, the laws are satisfied with having made provision against the destruction of wild animals out of season, and landowners are left to seek the ordinary remedy against trespassers whom they may find poaching on their lands.

The foregoing statements are derived from a Report lately made to the Foreign Office by the British Representative at Washington, who speaks of game as forming "an important item of popular food" in the old Eastern States, which have legislated with a view to its preservation. It seems strange that similar legislation among ourselves should be denounced as a product of the selfish wickedness of landlords. The extreme opponents of the Game-law urge that game ought to be extirpated in order to remove all temptation to poaching, and also because some species of game consume produce of the soil which might be more profitably employed in rearing sheep. But if we turn to another of these Reports, which has been obtained from Prussia, the first thing that we observe is an accurate calculation of the weight and value of the game which that country produces annually. The law of Prussia against poaching is contained in certain clauses of the Criminal Code of the North German Confederation of 31st March, 1870, so that we have here an embodiment of the most recent ideas of an enlightened people on the subject of preserving game. These clauses enact that any person sporting on lands where he is not entitled to kill game, and without permission from the person having such right, shall be subject to a penalty not exceeding 15*l.* sterling, or three months' imprisonment. Nocturnal poaching, or poaching in gangs in woods or during the fence season, or when nets, snares, or traps are used instead of dogs and guns, is made punishable with a fine not exceeding 30*l.* or six months' imprisonment. Persons convicted of making a trade or livelihood of poaching are to be punished with not less than three months' imprisonment. The author of this Report is

unable to estimate the extent to which poaching is carried on in Prussia, but he states that it is seldom, if ever, forced on public attention by accompaniments of lawless violence and bloodshed. There is probably a difference in the character of the poachers of Prussia and England, as well as in the temper of the law with which they would by violence bring themselves into conflict. It is true that under our law severe sentences are sometimes inflicted, but there are always possibilities of escape in courts which treat a prisoner like a beast of chase entitled to a fair run; and there is also a pernicious tendency, among people who ought to know better, to view a poacher as a champion of the rights of the poor, rather than as a depredator upon the property of the rich. The popular sentiment as to poaching is different in England from what it is in America or Germany, and further, the temptation to the offence is probably greater here than abroad in consequence of the proximity of large and populous towns to estates well supplied with game. It is hard that property should be least protected where it is most valuable, but these Reports tend to show that the English landowners suffer disturbance in the enjoyment of rights which in other civilized countries would be unquestionable. In Switzerland there is almost no game, and it follows that there can be no poachers, since the holders of licenses for sporting would be likely to restrain any interference with privileges for which they have paid money. "Any one engaged in shooting game in Switzerland is bound to produce his license at once when called upon to do so by police agents, forest guards, private keepers, and in some cantons any other licensed sportsman."

There is undoubtedly a difference between England and more sparsely populated countries. A large head of game cannot usually be kept up on an English estate without injury to crops growing thereupon. Speaking generally, we have no great breadths of forest, but plantation and arable land are intermixed so that hares and rabbits are within easy reach of crops to which they can do considerable damage. It is alleged that farmers suffer in this way heavy losses for the gratification of the sporting propensities of their landlords, and that they are unable to protect themselves against the mischief of over-preserving these animals, because the competition for land obliges them to submit to the landlords' terms. Supposing this evil to exist, we doubt whether it can be remedied by legislation, but an attempt has been made to remedy it by a Bill brought into the House of Commons by Sir H. SELWIN IBKETSON. This Bill proposes to enact that any covenant in a lease reserving to the lessor the right to kill, or prohibiting the lessee from killing, hares or rabbits shall be void; but the next clause in the Bill provides that this right may be reserved or prohibition imposed by an agreement separate from the lease. It is difficult to see how an enactment requiring two instruments instead of one can benefit anybody except the lawyer who prepares them; and if this is all that Parliament can do by way of remedy, the supposed mischief had better perhaps be left to cure itself. There is a further provision of the Bill, by which an occupier of land shall be entitled to compensation for damage done to his land by hares or rabbits maintained in unreasonable numbers on land not in his occupation. This provision would enable a tenant under an existing lease to claim compensation from his neighbour, but he will have no similar right against his landlord, who might maintain hares and rabbits unreasonably on land occupied by the tenant. He would continue liable to the depredations of indigenous hares and rabbits during the remainder of his existing lease.

This Bill, like many others, can be regarded only as offering suggestions for legislation to be hereafter embodied in suitable language, having regard to the provisions of the existing law. It begins by enacting that hares and rabbits shall not be deemed game for any purpose, and it afterwards provides that this new enactment shall not affect the existing Act "for the more effectual prevention of persons going armed by night for the destruction of game." But suppose that a prosecution is instituted under this Act, and that the defendants allege that they went to destroy only hares, and a jury find, as they possibly might, that this allegation is true, the judge who tries the case will be in a considerable difficulty. The old Act says that the word "game" shall include hares. The new Bill says that hares shall not be deemed game. If the restrictive construction of the new Bill is to be introduced into the old Act, a gang of men may snare any quantity of hares by night and only be liable for a simple trespass. But as the old Act specifically mentions "game or rabbits," and the new Bill only provides that hares and rabbits "shall not be deemed game," it follows that the old Act will still apply to snaring rabbits, while it will cease to apply to snaring

hares. Another curious and probably unforeseen consequence would arise from a provision in the new Bill that hares and rabbits shall, when killed, be the property of the occupier of the land on which they are killed. If a man catches and kills a hare or rabbit on land which he does not occupy, and if he proceeds to carry it away, he becomes guilty of larceny and liable to penal servitude. The author of the Bill can scarcely have intended thus to enhance the severity of the existing law; and indeed the Bill provides that "the law relating to larceny" shall not be affected by it. These words, as applied to the night-poaching Act, appear to mean that it shall not be restricted; and as applied to the law of larceny in the same section, they perhaps mean that it shall not be extended. We can only say that, if they do, the author has an odd notion of using words. If, however, he can assist the House of Commons in ascertaining what it means in regard to game, the task of expressing that meaning may be placed by the House in more careful and experienced hands. The substance of his Bill is that the occupier of land shall be protected against the excessive maintenance of hares and rabbits on the land for the profit and enjoyment of the owner. He may appeal in support of this proposal to the Reports already mentioned, which show that in some foreign countries the excessive increase of game, to the detriment of cultivation, may be restrained under authority of law. But if he attempts to carry beyond this point the distinction which he proposes to draw between hares and other species of game, he will produce inextricable confusion. As the Bill stands, hares might be sold by dealers without any license; and indeed the advantage of taking hares as compared with other game is, under the Bill, so manifest, that if a night poacher told a jury that he only intended to take hares, that jury would be very likely to believe him. However, the Bill is good enough to be referred to a Select Committee, and that is more than can be said of some other Bills of the present Session.

MR. COLE, C.B.

THE Albert Gold Medal "for distinguished merit in promoting Arts, Manufactures, or Commerce" has been awarded by the Council of the Society of Arts to Mr. COLE, C.B. This announcement, which appeared in the newspapers of the past week, has directed our minds to the contemplation of the services which have been thus rewarded, and particularly to that signal example of Mr. COLE's devotion to art which was afforded in the Universal Catalogue of Art Books projected by him in 1864. It appears that there was in that year, in the South Kensington Museum, an Art Library requiring a catalogue, and it occurred to Mr. COLE to propose to make a catalogue, not only of all the books in that Library, but also of all that ought to be in it, or, in other words, of all the books relating to art that exist in every library in the world. This project, having been conceived by Mr. COLE, was forthwith proceeded with at the national expense, until in 1867 an inquiry in the House of Commons exposed and destroyed the scheme. The Parliamentary Paper in which Mr. COLE and his associates described the work which they had put in hand ought to be reprinted as Mr. COLE's best title to the Albert Medal. Several editions of the Catalogue of the Art Library had been printed, but daily additions made it imperfect as soon as made; "hence the intention of making a catalogue to be complete up to a given date, which would show not only what the library contained, but what it ought to contain; and thus the origin of a Universal Art Catalogue, which, once made, is made for all time, and for all libraries in the world." The Committee of Council on Education, who were responsible for this project, could hardly help perceiving its absurdity when it was thus plainly stated. The cost of carrying it into execution would have been enormous, and, indeed, it perished by the very process of attempting to estimate the expenditure involved in it. The thing which the nation wants is not writing about art, but art itself, and this Mr. COLE does not supply. Indeed the low standard of art in England is strongly shown by the importance which mere busybodies are able to assume in connexion with it. The projectors of the Universal Art Catalogue appear to have seriously believed that Parliament might be induced to pay for it; and indeed they did compile a portion of the work at the national expense, and they were proceeding to print and circulate a first edition of this portion when "my Lords" of the Committee of Council became frightened at the cost, and put a drag on the impetuosity of the projectors. It was proposed to print and circulate the

first edition of the Catalogue by means of the advertising columns of the *Times* newspaper, and the appearance of the first of these advertisements gave the public its earliest information of what was going forward at South Kensington. The *Times* announced that "the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education had determined on the compilation of a printed catalogue containing the titles of all printed books down to the year 1866, required to complete the Art Library, wherever the books themselves might happen for the present to be." However "my Lords" speedily recalled this determination, and thus escaped the responsibility of authorising the most foolish expenditure ever proposed of English money. The notion of compiling "a universal record of printed art-books" was too extravagant to be entertained, and accordingly the first portion of the Catalogue which appeared in the *Times* was also the last. The production of a catalogue of all existing works on art and connected with art was, as Mr. COLE was informed on good authority, "a stupendous enterprize," which might involve an outlay of 100,000*l.* Such a sum would probably have sufficed to furnish the Art Library at South Kensington with every book that could possibly be required, and as the same authority remarked, "the possession of a work in a library is better than a reference to it elsewhere in an elaborate catalogue."

This is the sort of service to art by which Mr. COLE has earned the Albert Medal. He does not himself, as we understand, possess special knowledge of any art except that of manipulating "my Lords," so as to induce them to begin an expenditure of which it is impossible to foresee the end. Probably Mr. COLE might be described with some approach to accuracy as a professor of the art of inserting the thin end of the wedge. He has been engaged for many years in a variety of schemes for expending public money, and the scheme of the Art Catalogue is almost his only failure. He might have succeeded even here if he had been more cautious; for the public would probably have never understood how its money was being spent if attention had not been attracted by a portentous advertisement in the *Times*. It is interesting to remark that the Committee of Council on Education, who have thus been led by the nose by Mr. COLE, are the same body on whom Acts of Parliament of the last two Sessions conferred important functions which require knowledge and common sense for their satisfactory performance. Except seven great schools which were made the subject of special legislation in 1868, the whole of the education of this country is now controlled by the same body which in 1867, allowed itself to be announced in the *Times* as having adopted the absurd proposal of a Universal Catalogue of Art Books. Let us recall to our minds the recent controversy as to the disposition of certain charities in Westminster, and let us observe that the Commissioners who proposed that disposition are placed by the statute which created them under the control of the very body which in past years has submitted itself to the direction of Mr. COLE. To make a modern application of an ancient argument, the world is governed by men, and men by women, and women by children, and children by school-teachers, and school-teachers by "my Lords," and "my Lords" by Mr. COLE; so that the world is governed by Mr. COLE. Let us only reflect that all the business of education might be done in the comprehensive method which was applied by "my Lords" to the single department of art. It is obvious that on the principle which they adopted, every school in England ought to have a library, and that library ought to have a catalogue, which could not be regarded by any enlightened Minister of Education as complete unless it comprised every book that had ever been written since the world began. The talent of Mr. COLE for involving eminent personages in the ridicule of his extraordinary proceedings has been exercised not only upon "my Lords," but also upon a body of noblemen and gentlemen who are officially designated HER MAJESTY'S Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851. This body, rather than "my Lords," are responsible for that latest product of Mr. COLE's genius, the Educational Department of the International Exhibition of the present year. We do not believe that the department over which Mr. FORSTER presides can be wholly deficient in common sense, and therefore we assume that "my Lords" have not sanctioned the ludicrous attempt which has been made to represent this Educational Department as necessary to education. But it would be only a fitting sequel to the history of the Universal Art Catalogue to find a minute of the Committee of Council on Education affirming the principle that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and proceeding to found upon it a resolution in favour of

the exhibition of toys as an important branch of "educational appliances." We may remark, by the way, that there is an "educational appliance" much too old-fashioned to find a place in the Royal Albert Hall, which, if it had been freely applied *a tergo* to the official scribes of the International Exhibition in their youth, might have saved the world from a deluge of unprofitable nonsense. But to return to "my Lords," let us suppose that, under the inspiration of Mr. COLE, they have recorded a minute in favour of "Dogs—two. In skin and imitation skins. Clock-work. Growl and beg, move paws and head," as calculated to afford innocent recreation to the infant mind in its intervals of study of the alphabet and the first spelling-book. Having got thus far, "my Lords" would immediately become sensible of the necessity of proceeding to the compilation of a descriptive catalogue of all the toys in the world, so as to include those which were, and also those which ought to be, in the Exhibition. Thereupon Mr. COLE would organize a Committee and open a foreign correspondence and discuss with his Associates whether any and what limits ought to be imposed on such a comprehensive undertaking as a Universal Catalogue of Toys. We foresee that elaborate essays would be composed upon the question whether live toy dogs ought to be included in this catalogue. The compilation of the work would manifestly afford employment for many industrious persons, some of whom, in addition to their other merits, might happen to be friends of Mr. COLE. If any member of the House of Commons asked a Minister how the business of national education was proceeding, he would answer that it was not proceeding at all, but was awaiting the completion of an exhaustive catalogue of toys which Mr. COLE had assured him would be necessary before children could begin work. A catalogue of the books actually existing in the Art Library at South Kensington might have been completed in a short time and at a moderate expense, and such a catalogue would have been useful to students of art; but it would not have satisfied the aspirations of Mr. COLE, and so the present race of students were to be left to grope among the books while a catalogue was commenced which could hardly be completed during their working lives.

We have dwelt upon this passage in Mr. COLE's history because it exemplifies the services to art by which he has entitled himself to a new distinction. But, indeed, Mr. COLE and his allies have so completely taken possession of the memory of the late PRINCE CONSORT that it is only fitting that a founder of the Albert Hall should be decorated with the Albert Medal. We do not doubt that the Hall will be useful in promoting art in the sense in which art has been promoted by Mr. COLE. The projectors of South Kensington have made the most they could out of an illustrious name, and indeed their only competitor in the use of it has been a speculative company of which the disastrous history is familiar to us all.

THE TWO CAPITALS—A CONTRAST.

DURING the last ten days the good people of London have been taking their pleasure according to their fashion. If the spectacle has not been of a very elevating nature, it has at least been calculated to give pleasure to amiable persons. Our wearied population has been able to spend a few hours in the sunshine, or in what passes for sunshine in this quarter of the world, and to lounge indolently on green grass and in the shade of trees. Tennis-gardens have had a good time of it; and, omitting a little occasional effervescence due to the use of stronger stimulants, we—the public at large—have been in a state of general good-fellowship tempered by chaff. The worst incident that has been reported by the newspapers is due to the overflowing benevolence of certain sightseers. We are told that in the Zoological Gardens several cases of overfeeding occurred amongst the animals on Monday last. We hope that a timely exhibition of judicious remedies may by this time have restored a healthy tone to stomachs never destined by nature for an unlimited consumption of buns. Supposing, however, that this is the heaviest penalty to be paid for the excesses of the Whitsuntide holidays, we receive on the whole a pleasant impression of domestic peace. Things are far enough from being what they ought to be in England; but the public has not so much upon its conscience or its digestion that it cannot enjoy a few hours of rather stolid repose. When, therefore, we endeavoured to pass in imagination from the drowsy streets of London to the barricades of Paris, the contrast seemed to be of the strongest. It appeared almost irreconcilable with the laws of social equilibrium that the excitement should be at boiling point across the Channel, when the temperature was so moderate here. As the earthquake at Lisbon was felt in the remotest corners of Europe, one could hardly help fancying that the late moral catastrophe would make itself felt by some immediate influence rather than by the circuitous channel of the newspapers. The wave of emotion should have been propagated spontaneously.

Absorbed in the prosaic calm of English everyday life, one began almost to doubt the reality of the terrible scenes described by Correspondents. Dr. Newman has recently reopened the old question, what reason we have for believing that such a place as Paris exists. He of course assumes that the evidence of its reality is overwhelming, and as a rule we agree with him. Yet, for once, our minds begin to search for some different outlet from this logical dilemma. Is it not easier and pleasanter to believe that the whole thing is a dream? that, for some purpose or other, mankind have formed a tacit conspiracy to impose upon us, and that events so horrible and so out of harmony with the character of the great pleasure capital of the world are merely a fiction invented by political philosophers for the purpose of pointing a moral in favour of order.

And yet, unfortunately, doubt is impossible even in logical sport. The stories related are so horribly picturesque that they convince our imagination as well as our reason. Those who have actually witnessed the horrors of Paris must, one would think, suffer from a life-long nightmare; one is not surprised to meet with Bishop Butler's old saying brought up as a serious suggestion, and to find it asserted that a whole nation has literally gone mad. If not the cause, such an epidemic would at least be a natural consequence, of the events of the last fortnight. But even to the more fortunate part of us, who know the horrors only by report, they are vivid enough to make an ineffaceable impression. The blow has been too stunning for its effect to be approximately measured at present; we are dazed and bewildered with its suddenness; but we know that we have been listening to a story which will form an exciting chapter of history when we and all the actors and spectators have ceased to have any active interest in sublimary affairs. Few of us ever expected to see a repetition of the scenes which Victor Hugo described so forcibly in the *Misérables*; barricades were generally supposed to be a thing of the past, and street fighting of that order as little likely to be revived as tournaments. Unfortunately the fighting is the least impressive part of the catastrophe. The really significant and horrible thing is the ferocity, or, in other words, the sudden lowering in the value of human life. We do not in this place inquire how far the insurgents may have deserved summary and wholesale destruction, or how far strict measures may have been necessary to save the city. Assuming, and it is a very bold assumption, that some sort of case may be made out to justify the indiscriminate severities exercised, it is still plain that a fearful price must be paid when such severities become necessary. The imagination of the people is polluted; they can be present without disgust at scenes whose bare description sickens us at a distance. It is needless to quote incidents at which we have all shuddered as revealing new possibilities of human degradation. In place of the modern Parisian we seem to have suddenly seen the primeval savage, whose sluggish imagination could only be excited by slaughter, or the cold-blooded spectators of a gladiatorial show. The descriptions of prisoners marched off in droves to summary execution, or summarily beaten to death by a mob on a general presumption that massacre was desirable, or shot down to encourage the rest to march a little faster, or killed because they had been already wounded, and therefore ought to be guilty, are terrible enough in any case. If the insurgents deserved such punishments they must have been beyond all comparison the most atrocious set of miscreants that ever existed; if they did not deserve them, their executioners must, for the time at any rate, have lost every vestige of human feeling. When men are slaughtered like noxious animals, either the slayers or the slain, or more probably both, must be guilty of frightful crimes. In any case the effect upon public opinion is distressingly obvious. When we hear of the quays being crowded with people gazing curiously at the bodies brought down by the river, of children playing and men and women lounging over graves so thinly made that the clothes of the victims protrude at intervals through the earth, it is obvious that the minds of the masses have for the time become fearfully familiarized with horrors. How, we are sometimes inclined to ask, can we be eating and drinking, and laughing, and attending horse-races, and amusing ourselves as if Paris were in its normal state? The answer is only too plain. A report cannot be as horrible as a reality, and yet it is plain that eye-witnesses speedily become as callous as those to whom the story merely comes as a newspaper report. Capital punishment by wholesale has a fearful tendency to pall upon the imagination.

To this, indeed, there is a corollary which will doubtless be added by some persons, and especially by those who love to praise themselves under the pretext of giving warning to their neighbours. The French, they will say, are by nature a blood-thirsty, ferocious people. This is merely an outbreak of the old spirit which has for centuries stained Paris with massacres at longer or shorter intervals. We better-natured or cooler-blooded Englishmen are incapable of such horrors, and if exposed to the same conditions should not flame out after the same volcanic fashion. The contrast between London and Paris at the present time is typical. We go on in our dull jogtrot under skies of monotonous grey, and with faces of uniform gloom; our calmer temperament never rises or falls to the heights and depths of our excitable rivals. Even in the supposed impossible event of a revolution the imagination of our enthusiasts would be quenched in drink; and they would not work themselves up to the frenzy, or have the sense of dramatic effect, which is implied when a body of fanatics covers itself with the ruins of its city. The gin-shops would suffer more than the palaces, and the Duke

of Wellington (we may fear) would be allowed to make the metropolis hideous from the top of his archway for an indefinite period. We should not, it is somewhat boldly said, rise to the fever heat at which blood-letting becomes a natural resource. And therefore we may watch our neighbour's house burning, with sympathy indeed, but without any lively personal alarm. This kind of argument has naturally been popular of late. The French are regarded as an entirely distinct variety of the human race; and to prove that anything is characteristically French is held to be equivalent to proving that it is a deadly poison. We cannot quite fall in with this easy mode of reasoning. It saves trouble, but it is not obviously conclusive. There can be no doubt, indeed, that the national character determines the specific nature of such catastrophes as that of Paris; and it is probable enough that the excitable Frenchman has, when moved, a greater turn for wholesale cruelty than his English neighbour. But, after all, it is a safer and more general proposition that there is a good deal of human nature everywhere. The men and women who are shooting and being shot with an indifference which is perfectly appalling, may probably enough be as kindly in their domestic relations, and fully as civilized in most other respects, as the corresponding class in England. How shall we be sure that under the dull goodnature of the ordinary Briton there does not lie a stratum of equal ferocity, if by any unfortunate combination of circumstances it should happen to come to the surface? The respectable artisan, whose worst indiscretion on a holiday consists in giving the monkeys an indigestion, might form a very uncomfortable member of a Provisional Government; and whatever exaggeration there may be in the stories of atrocities perpetrated by Englishmen in suppressing Indian or other rebellions, there is enough remnant of fact to show that we can be ruthless enough on provocation. It is perhaps satisfactory to reflect that if the worst should happen, there are few parts of London the destruction of which would not be rather welcome than otherwise from a purely æsthetic point of view; the more shells burst amongst the houses, the less there would remain of purely hideous architecture; but, even for the sake of a new fire of London, we should not wish to see the Thames thick with floating corpses, and extemporaneous cemeteries prepared in the parks. And yet anybody who will look at the genuine London rough, and imagine a state of things under which he would come for a time to the surface, to be again repressed after a violent struggle, will be slow to pronounce positively what horrible characteristics he might not develop under pressure. There is brutality enough lying about loose in London to produce an explosion as terrible as that of Paris, if it were only gathered together and the match properly applied. We need not draw the political moral, in regard to which everybody will probably suit himself; but, as a practical conclusion, we may say that, whilst shuddering at the state of Paris and congratulating ourselves on the contrast, we should yet be slow to draw any unqualified conclusions as to our own morality, and should rejoice with something like trembling.

ARCHBISHOP DARBOY.

IN the dark catalogue of crime which marks the close of the Paris insurrection, and the responsibility of which does not rest wholly on one side, the murder of Archbishop Darboy, at the head of a long line of innocent, and many of them illustrious, victims, is gloomily conspicuous. For himself indeed personally there is little to regret now that all is over. An honoured and honourable career has been prematurely cut short by a no less honourable death, which in its circumstances, and the spirit of calm and Christian resignation in which it was endured, rises into the dignity of martyrdom. When Mr. Washbourne visited the Archbishop in the Mazas prison a month before his death, he found him in a cell ten feet by six, containing no furniture but a chair, table, and bed, but "patient and cheerful as ever," with no word of bitterness or reproach for his persecutors, but saying that the world judged them more hardly than they deserved. He met his fate, we are told, when the end came, "with the serene courage of a martyr"; his last act was to pardon the miscreants who were insulting before they shot him, though he warned them not to profane the word liberty, "for to us it belongs who die for liberty and faith." He leaves behind him a memory affectionately cherished by all classes of his countrymen, with the sole exception of the ruffianly fanatics who have murdered him; a memory worthy of his illustrious predecessors in the see of Paris, and of the imitation of those who may be called to succeed him in that post of honourable danger. It is but two or three weeks since a correspondent of the *Record*—not likely therefore to be prejudiced in favour of a Catholic prelate—described the quiet dignity and patience of the Archbishop, whom he had had occasion to visit in his imprisonment. "I trust," said Mgr. Darboy, in parting, "that I may see you a month or two hence at my palace, if this, pointing to his head, "is suffered to remain in its place." The presentiment thus simply, almost playfully, expressed has been but too speedily fulfilled. Nor was it an unnatural one, whether we consider the immediate circumstances of the case, or the recollections which at such a time would inevitably obtrude themselves on the mind of an Archbishop of Paris. It was not without reason that a recent predecessor of Mgr. Darboy's called his throne "a Calvary." Nor can the memories suggested by that saying be absent at such a time from the minds of those to whom,

during his seven years' archiepiscopate, he had so justly endeared himself, as they shudder at the crime which has cut short a blameless career, and gaze on the familiar features of the dead now laid in state in the archiepiscopal palace. The history of French religion, we might almost add of French politics, for the last half-century has been in a manner summed up in the destinies of the Archbishops of Paris; and it will not be out of place, in speaking of the latest representative of an illustrious line, to revert for a moment to the fate of those who immediately preceded him.

The instinct which has usually guided the English Government in appointments to the see of Canterbury has so far prevailed on the other side of the Channel that the Archbishops of Paris have always of late been men of what are called moderate, that is, not Ultramontane opinions. But, on the other hand, unlike the English primates, they have also almost invariably been men of mark. Of the last five occupants of that See, one only, Cardinal Morlot—the only one, by the way, who gained the red hat—has left no special recollections behind him. Mgr. Quelen, the first Archbishop appointed after the fall of the First Empire, pronounced the funeral oration over Louis XVI. at St. Sulpice, in 1814. In 1821 he became Archbishop of Paris, where he distinguished himself until his death, on the last day of 1837, no less for his intellectual attainments than for his zealous devotion to pastoral duties, especially during the cholera of 1832. He is remembered as the founder of the Lent and Advent "Conferences" at Notre-Dame, first started in 1834, and which have since become so famous, and for the discernment and courage which led him to summon Lacordaire—a very unpopular man at the time with many classes—and then Ravignan, to that post of perilous prominence. It was by his exhortations that Talleyrand was induced to retract his infidel opinions. Quelen's successor was Archbishop Affré, who fell on the barricades in February, 1848, while attending the wounded, with the words *Pastor bonus dat vitam pro ovibus suis* on his dying lips. When Mgr. Sibour was called to take his place, he accepted it with the remark already referred to, which afterwards sounded like a prophecy:—"I might decline the honour, but can I decline the sacrifice? The heroic death of Mgr. Affré will keep me in mind of my duty. If Paris be a Calvary, as my friends bid me regard it, that illustrious example shall be my encouragement." The same idea constantly recurs in letters written during his episcopate. On January 3, 1857, he was stabbed during a religious ceremony at St. Geneviève, by Verger, a priest who had been suspended for immorality, but whom the Archbishop had assisted from his own purse. There is nothing particular to record of Cardinal Morlot, who held the see for the next six years, beyond the fact of his being generally respected. He was the Emperor's first nominee, and his occupancy of the see falls within the central period of the Empire, when it had attained the fulness of its power, and before it had begun to decline. Nor was any ecclesiastical event of importance connected with his official life. Sibour had been present at Rome at the definition of the Immaculate Conception in 1854. But when the Bishops were consulted on that subject by the Pope four years before, he wrote an elaborate opinion, embodying, as he said, that of his predecessor and of "the gravest and most learned theologians of his diocese," to the effect that it was neither expedient nor even lawful for the Church or the Holy See to make that doctrine an article of faith; and he added his own opinion, based on a long series of reasons, that it could not even be declared to be certainly true. However, he yielded, like the rest of his brethren, to the definition when it had been pronounced. A graver controversy and a more important part to play in it, as well as a grander though not less terrible end, awaited the successor of Cardinal Morlot, who has just been dismissed, not by the dagger of a private assassin, but by the agents of the Paris Commune, to a higher and juster tribunal than the Roman Curia, before which he pleaded so eloquently the cause of righteousness and truth, and pleaded in vain.

Mgr. Darboy, who was born in 1813, was first called to Paris and made canon of Notre-Dame in 1846 by his murdered predecessor, Archbishop Affré, who had the discernment to appreciate his merits. The next Archbishop, who shared the same fate, Sibour, promoted him to be Vicar-General of the diocese and Inspector of Schools. In 1859 he became Bishop of Nancy, and four years later succeeded Cardinal Morlot in what is in fact, though not in name, the primatial See of France, and was afterwards made Grand Almoner to the Emperor and a member of the Senate. His first official act, in which he announced his appointment "by the nomination of the Emperor and favour of the Apostolic See," gave umbrage to the Ultramontane clique among his clergy, who had the good taste to begin their relations to their chief pastor by an unmannerly protest. Still louder of course was the outcry when he asserted his own independent jurisdiction in his diocese, repudiating the concurrent and "ordinary jurisdiction" of the Pope—which has since been erected by the Vatican synod into a dogma—and proceeded accordingly to "visit" the Jesuit churches which claimed exemption from all episcopal control. "This smells of schism," said the Romanizers, and the Pope addressed to him a letter of reproof, couched in that style of unctuous malediction for which the Vatican has a special patent, and which, for greater emphasis, was allowed to find its way into the newspapers. It was a sort of document—in vulgar language a sound scolding—not often addressed to bishops, to say nothing of primates, and which reflected small credit on the writer. The Archbishop went on his way unmoved, but it was felt instinctively at Rome that he had little sympathy with the spirit of the present ill-starred pontificate. He

had neither the conventional prejudices nor the assumed antipathies congenial to the "curialistic" mind; he was without passion or affectation, and he possessed the formidable weapons of a strong common sense, a perfect temper, and an intolerable wit. His courage was shown in his calling Father Hyacinthe to the pulpit of Notre-Dame, and maintaining him there till the eloquent preacher's abrupt retirement from all public ministrations. He characteristically seized the occasion of the issue of the too famous Syllabus to urge counsels of moderation on the deaf ears of the Pontiff. "Your blame," he observed, "has power, O Vicar of Christ, but your blessing is more powerful still. God has raised you to the Apostolic See between the two halves of this century, that you may absolve the one and inaugurate the other. Be it yours to reunite reason with faith, liberty with authority, politics with the Church." The Pope of course refused to make him a Cardinal, but, when the Vatican Synod was about to meet, Darboy was the one most feared of all the bishops expected to attend it, and therefore most requiring to be conciliated. Dr. Manning visited Paris on his way to Rome, and dangled before the Archbishop the offer of a red hat, but Darboy replied in the spirit, if not the very words, used by him afterwards at Rome—"Je n'ai point de rhume de cerveau, je n'ai pas besoin de chapeau." Such a man, who could neither be bribed, nor intimidated, nor cajoled, was naturally regarded as an ominous apparition at a Council conducted like that of last year. With what skill and courage he parried for several months the astute intrigues of the Curia, and how at length the new dogma was forced through, by a judicious mixture of force and fraud, over the heads of the Opposition, has been too fully set forth in our own columns to require being recapitulated here. The most important of the Archbishop's speeches, delivered on May 20, when the infallibilist *Schema* was under discussion, has been published at length in the Appendix to the *Letters of Quirinus*, and is a model of calm and argumentative eloquence. He remained firm to the last. After pronouncing his *non placet* in the Congregation of July 13, he headed the deputation of the minority which, on the evening of the 15th, made a last attempt to move the conscience of the Pope. On its failure he at once left Rome, without waiting for the solemn farce enacted three days later in the Council Chamber of St. Peter's. The Pope had been heard to complain of his not departing earlier. But before going he recorded, in the parting manifesto issued by the defeated remonstrants under the title of *La Dernière Heure du Concile*, and which emanated from his inspiration, if not actually from his pen, his unalterable conviction of the nature and consequences of the Ultramontane victory:—

Espérons que l'excès du mal provoquera le retour du bien. Le Concile n'aura eu qu'un heureux résultat, celui d'en appeler un autre, réuni dans la liberté. . . . Le Concile du Vatican demeurera stérile, comme tout ce qui n'est pas décelé sous le souffle de l'Esprit Saint. Cependant il aura révélé non-seulement jusqu'à quel point l'absolutisme peut abuser des meilleures institutions et des meilleurs instincts, mais aussi ce que vaut encore le droit, alors même qu'il n'a plus que le petit nombre pour le défendre. . . . Si la multitude passe quand même nous lui prédisons qu'elle n'ira pas loin. Les Spartiates, qui étaient tombés en Thermopyles pour défendre les terres de la liberté, avaient préparé au flot impitoyable du despotisme la défaite de Salamine.

It must be added that there is no evidence whatever for the statement that the Archbishop accepted the dogma after it had been defined; for the assertion of the *Buon Senso*, an Italian Ultramontane journal, is less than none. Notwithstanding the letter which appeared in yesterday's *Times* with the signatures of seven French priests, we are fully assured that he maintained his integrity to the last, unsullied by the recantations to which so many of his colleagues have stooped, and which in his mouth every one would have felt to be insincere. He used to be taunted by those who disliked his principles and dreaded his influence as a time-server and a courtier. But he showed during the trials of last year that rare moral courage which never flinches for the favour or fear of man, and his unswerving firmness and patience under cruel suffering and insult, and with death constantly before his eyes, has been no less conspicuous through the weeks of terrible suspense which only ended with his execution. Montalembert predicted years ago, when he marked the servile adulation of the French Church before the rising sun of Imperialism, that in the next revolution the clergy, instead of being called upon to bless trees of liberty, would be the first victims of popular hatred. *Felix opportunitate mortis*, Darboy has been spared alike the spectacle of his country's shame, and of the fulfilment of his own prophecy. The sins of the clergy who cringed before despotic power have been terribly visited on those who did not share their weakness, and the foremost man of the French hierarchy, as well by character as position, is the first victim of this unrighteous retribution. His latest recorded words are his best epitaph. He died, as he had lived, "for the cause of liberty and faith."

AMUSEMENTS.

THE conscience of mankind is just now unusually lenient towards amusements. Asceticism takes another direction. Rumours are current of severities of self-discipline among young persons of both sexes who yet take their place in society and share its diversions, unprotesting. Young ladies dance and sing until they withdraw into a sisterhood. Young men and women duly observant of the Church's seasons may play through whole

successive days, timing their sports with the passing hours by means of boating, cricket, croquet, picnics, bezique, and dancing; and, provided certain observances are strictly followed, they scarcely compromise their character for seriousness and high aims, and certainly do not renounce the right to express an eager interest in great questions, in sounding phrases and with a seeming intensity of conviction. Every age has its own notions of what constitutes wrongdoing and time misspent. It needs more than average independence of character to estimate the worth and quality of our actions by our own judgment and experience; we are shocked or self-satisfied through the eyes of our neighbours. So long as society, religious or at least deeply interested in religious questions, sees no harm in dancing five nights a week till four o'clock in the morning, but is scandalized by a marriage in Lent, young ladies' consciences will take the same view. Let a voice of sufficient power arise denouncing dancing as one of the seven deadly sins, and these young creatures—many of them—will succumb without a question, and without reference to their own experience. Moderation has not the knack of making converts; it only just keeps an existing state of things going creditably. The easiest way to check excess is to assert the thing to be bad in its own nature, not merely in an extreme use of it. To abstain from something pleasant for conscience' sake, and not to think those who indulge in it in the wrong—hopelessly and wickedly in the wrong—is beyond the toleration or magnanimity of most people. The teetotaler may begin in charity toward the temperate beer-drinker, but he inevitably ends by regarding him as a more heinous offender than the infatuated toper who is past his own control. But the minds that originate great changes are of too speculative a cast to take this rigid line. Milton admires the feats of the light fantastic toe with more than toleration, because they do not suggest to him the idea of temptation. Hence there must be middle men who can sympathize with the masses, and estimate things not so much by their merits as by their inconvenience as interfering elements. If gambling is bad, don't allow cards at all; they may be used harmlessly, but it is not safe to say so; therefore say the direct contrary. Dancing, treated in the abstract, may be a healthful diversion, but the world abuses it; therefore, tell every woman who times her movements to music that she is treading in the steps of Herodias's daughter. John Wesley comes under the regretful reproof of his Methodist biographer because he speaks of cards with "surprising leniency"; his mother and sisters now and then amused themselves with a game at Epworth. "I could not," says the great founder of Methodism, "do it with a clear conscience, but I am not obliged to pass any sentence on those that are otherwise minded. I leave them to their own Master. To Him they stand or fall." This was felt to be a very unpractical tone. It might be true, but not the less it was dangerous truth, and therefore wrong for him to say it, nor the less was it matter of regret "to find cards among the occasional pastimes of this godly and well regulated household."

A little book entitled *The Converted Family*, falling by chance into our hands, gives rise to these reflections; as bringing before us the current tone of predominant religious thought on the question of amusements some fifty years ago, in very startling contrast with our own. Its author, the Rev. W. Woolhouse Robinson, an elderly clergyman, narrates how in his youth he became the instrument for the conversion of his whole family, consisting of father, mother, sister, and (himself included) three brothers; one a fellow and tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge. The history of these conversions is beside our purpose, and would hardly tend to edification; for surely never were great effects recorded in a more quaintly pragmatical style; which, however, has not deterred some reverential friends from urging the publication of the narrative, with all names and particulars. The Very Rev. Henry Law, Dean of Gloucester, indeed demands it of the author, under awful penalties—"to withhold it would be to be guilty before God"; while "an eminent Christian gentleman has recently ordered five hundred copies, and sent one to every clergyman in the diocese of Carlisle, with a solemn adjuration on the fly-leaf to read this little new year's gift of 1871." It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that our copy should bear "seventh edition" on its title-page.

The Evangelical movement was accused by its opponents of taking a very one-sided view of the "world." It was lenient to the temptations of money-making, was tender towards family pride, and was certainly not insensible to the attractions of rank. But at least it was strict and self-denying on one point; it attacked the world with a real, genuine severity, about which there could be no mistake, through its pleasures. As the movement spread, this tone of condemnation grew naturally more technical and absolute. All received pleasures were pronounced worldly, in whatever spirit indulged, and however moderately. To dance or play at cards was to be in a graceless condition, quite apart from temptation to gambling or giddy frivolity. The young people led dull lives, and were stupefied accordingly. All play of fancy was ruthlessly stopped. In fact, Fancy was an imp, and even Scott's novels were devices of Satan. Mr. Robinson accepted this judgment, like many other converts, without question or appeal to personal experience. But also it is the tendency of all narrators of conversion to magnify the errors from which they have escaped; it is due at once to themselves and their cause to show how gigantic they were in their sins. It is not without some touch of this sort of pride that Mr. Robinson owns excessive dancing to have been his ensnaring vice:—

At the early age of twenty I had acted several times as steward at a ball;

and so accomplished was I in the art of dancing—I speak of it with deep humility—that I sometimes led the giddy waltz, and constantly joined in various new quadrilles, those powerful instruments, through the influence of Satan, "the god of this world," to ruin immortal souls.

Surely never did quadrilles stand before in so imposing, if lurid, a light as they thus live embalmed in a penitent fancy. He continues:—

So devoted was I to this foolish and hurtful vanity that I occasionally met some young officers of the 6th Enniskillen Dragoons (one of whom was subsequently colonel—who fell gallantly in the Crimea, having had his horse shot under him), to practise for the evening ball. As a matter of course, with a mind so frivolous, I read novels and romances. But will it be believed—I pledge my word, however, for its strict veracity, as well as, I repeat, for every word of this narrative—that at this very period, so moral, in one sense devout, was I, that I daily perused six chapters of God's precious word.

While under the influence of this dancing passion Mr. Robinson encounters a lady who considers dancing the service of Satan, which so far makes an impression on him as to instil counsels of moderation. It was the happiness of this youth that every word of his told, for walking with two young ladies of great wealth, partners at a ball to which he had ridden twenty miles the day before, he made a remark which he subsequently found was instrumental in inducing her to renounce the giddy dance:—

The remark was this, and it may have been the result of my fair cousin's rebuke:—"I really think it wrong to go so often to the ball as I have lately done." She told me she reasoned thus:—"If one, so devoted to the pleasures of the world, considers it wrong to go often, it must in proportion be wrong to go at all; I will never go again." I have seldom, if ever, known a case so remarkable, as resulting from an observation of an unregenerate man.

Such, however, he did not long remain. The doubts which were dawning in his mind were strengthened into conviction shortly after under the teaching of his godmother, a lady of noble blood, and connected with many noble families, but infinitely above all earthly distinctions; and he renounced for ever the interests which had hitherto absorbed his being. From this personal narrative the reader is led next to some account of Mr. Robinson's father, of whom we are early told this fact:—"Notwithstanding his professedly sacred character and strict morality, he had been a card-player for seventy-seven years! having commenced playing at the age of ten with his mother—a member of the noble house of Hastings." The further fact comes in with less *éclat* that he held two livings, besides many other pieces of preferment, and resided on neither of them. But the question which presses on the conscience of the son is not his father's failure of duty to the souls under his charge, but what he did with the time thus left on his hands. "The card-table was as regularly placed as the tea-table," the four whist-players being "my father, mother, myself, and some friend especially invited for the purpose of joining in this time-wasting, frivolous, and worldly vanity":—

So devoted was my father to cards, that when my mother was ill and I absent he played by himself, dealing out the three dummies with the utmost gravity. How difficult it was to attack this stronghold of Satan may readily be imagined.

There is unquestionably something remarkable in merely forming the scheme of invading such a fixed habit as this. He continues:—

One night, when my revered parent and myself were playing double dummy (and as I was at home for the long vacation my evenings were at liberty), I thus began:—"My dear father, will you allow me to suggest that as we are living at a time emphatically called the *march of intellect*, when there is so much valuable knowledge to be easily obtained, would it not be better, instead of playing cards every night, for me sometimes to read aloud some interesting work?" To this he replied, "No! I prefer the card-table."

It may be said that the man who, by converting a revered parent of eighty-seven, can put a stop to his own share of double dummy every night, finds his reward, even in this world; but we exonerate Mr. Robinson from selfish aims. The man who can see such soul-imperilling fascination in quadrilles may even find "deliciousness" in the domestic rubber, however crippled. The wonder is that he prevailed. The rubber was abandoned. We ought not to feel sorry for the old gentleman, but we can't help a pang of pity—he really does take to reading tracts instead, and sends copies of them to be distributed to his different parishes. It is added, that he removed his worldly-minded curates, and appointed as their successors men "who knew nothing but Jesus Christ." But this, which is much more easily said than done, is announced in an off-hand way, rather to give a finish to the tale of conversion than with a view to strict accuracy. The family are settled near Cambridge, and we recognise more of Mr. Simeon's influence throughout than the narrator is quite conscious of, who regards himself as the sole though humble instrument in the conversion of his family; refuting his brother and assembled high wranglers with his single arm. This is the less to be wondered at as his brother's line of argument is condensed into his opening attack—"William, Simeon is a hypocrite, and you are another."

We quite agree with Mr. Robinson that it is wrong for a young man to dance away all his days, and that an old age of cards is unbecoming a minister of religion, and indeed anybody else. There are people incapable of relaxation to whom everything they take up is business, and pursued as such. These are the people who, when they awake to the misuse of time, give diversions an ill name, and cry down moderation as a fatal half-measure. That moderation, however, we would willingly though somewhat hopelessly enforce; knowing as we do that while the giddy dance is in truth a giddy influence where there is too much of it, yet

many a girl whose life is too monotonous for health would be infinitely the better for the excitement of a dance every now and then, and that the domestic rubber is an unalloyed blessing to failing sight and declining age.

THE ANNALS OF THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

IT is a commonplace remark that there is nothing about which most people are so ignorant as the history of their own time. There are a great many intelligent, well-educated persons who could give a fairly accurate account of the general course of events throughout Europe two or three hundred years ago, or still further back if necessary, but who have the vaguest possible idea of the state even of their own country in the first part of the present century, and would be much puzzled to explain the exact political antecedents of the battle of Waterloo, or even of the Crimean war. The reason of this is, of course, not far to seek. If the history of these recent years is imperfectly known, it is simply because it has not yet been written in a form accessible to ordinary readers. Any one who desires to study the history of his own time must, in fact, become his own historian; he must go to the original sources of information, to Parliamentary debates, blue-books, diplomatic correspondence, and the files of the newspapers; must excavate, collect, and sort out facts for himself as best he can; and this, of course, demands not only abundance of leisure and facilities of reference which most persons do not possess, but a special quality of mind—a faculty of selection and discrimination, which is a very rare gift indeed. Moreover, while people are thus debarred from getting up this branch of history for themselves, there is also a good reason why no historian supplies their wants, and that is, that events are still too fresh, too close at hand, and too much surrounded by conflicting evidence and passionate controversies, to be reduced to history. The wine is too new for historical bottling, and such experiments as have been made only demonstrate the necessity of postponing the process until fermentation has subsided. Thus it happens that we have an awkward gap between the news of the day and the digested historical records. The importance of having this interval filled up will be understood by those who have observed the growing tendency of modern journalism to concentrate attention exclusively on passing incidents, and to treat everything that happens as if it were an isolated circumstance, altogether spontaneous and self-contained, and quite detached from the general course of events. The “latest news” is all very well in its way, but it would often be more significant and instructive if the newspapers were occasionally to go a little further back, and trace out the chain of circumstances which finds its latest development in the telegrams and the Correspondents’ letters. Information of this kind, which would certainly be news indeed to a good many of their readers, and a useful exercise for their writers, lies ready to their hand in an excellent book which we are glad to see has just reached a second edition in a much improved and amplified form. Mr. Irving’s *Annals of Our Time* should do much to correct the want of “historical-mindedness,” as it has been called, with which this generation seems to be afflicted. Without pretending to be history, these “Annals” supply the cream of the historian’s materials for the last thirty-five years. We have not only the pith of State papers and Parliamentary debates, and a vivid delineation of great political events, but all the little social and personal incidents which make up so large a part of life. It is one of the most entertaining as well as instructive of books; but its special value, as it seems to us, lies in the suggestive illustrations it affords of the continuity of politics and the intimate relation of events. Without, however, attempting to construct any philosophy of history on the basis of the “Annals,” it may be worth while just to put together a few facts from them which help us to realize the condition of England during the first part of the present reign.

About two o’clock on the morning of the 20th of June, 1837, we find the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, who have hurried up from Windsor, knocking at the doors of Kensington Palace to rouse the slumbering inmates and announce King William’s death. When at length the gate was opened, the attendants declared “the Princess was in such a sweet sleep” that they could not disturb her. Then the visitors announced that they had come to the Queen—a title which revealed their errand—on business of State, and even her sleep must give way to that. In a few minutes the young sovereign “came into the room in a loose white night gown and shawl, nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, and tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.” The Queen styled herself simply “Victoria,” and not “Alexandrina Victoria,” as had been anticipated. The danger passed away so quickly that few will now recollect the extravagant terror with which the possibility of the Duke of Cumberland (King of Hanover) succeeding to the throne was viewed at that time. Agitators of various classes did not scruple to work upon the fears of the people in this respect. In regard to the Bedchamber question, Henry Grattan declared that “if Her Majesty was once fairly placed in the hands of the Tories he would not give an orange-peel for her life; if some of the low miscreants of the party got round Her Majesty, and had the mixing of the royal bowl at night, he feared she would have a long sleep.” Feargus O’Connor also, at a Chartist demonstration at Manchester, professed “to have good authority

for asserting that all the Hanoverian clubs in London were at work to know how they could dispose of our young Queen, and place the bloody Cumberland on the throne.” There was a general feeling of relief when the Queen married, and a direct heir to the throne was born.

The early years of the reign were marked by considerable agitation and anxiety. The country had not yet settled down after the passing of the Reform Act. The Tories were still smarting from their defeat, and afraid of further changes. The Radicals were at war with the Whigs, who were not disposed to move as fast as they desired. It was in 1837 that the Tories began to change their name to Conservatives, the hint of the new name, however, being traced to an article by Croker in the *Quarterly* seven years before; Sir Robert Peel delivered his celebrated advice, “Register, register, register;” Mr. Disraeli made his first speech in Parliament; and the lists were gradually being cleared for a great struggle on the question of Protection. Mischief was brewing in Canada, and it is interesting to note the first beginning of the disastrous Afghan quarrel. Major Rawlinson tracks the Russian agent, Vickovitch, on his way to Dost Mahomed at Cabul, overtaking him at breakfast by a clear rivulet among the hills, smoking a pipe with him, and trying to ascertain his mission, which the wary Russian skillfully disguises by affecting ignorance of the dialects which Rawlinson knew, and rattling on glibly as soon as he hits on one in which his visitor is at fault. During the next two years we find opposite extremes united against the new Poor-law, fatal riots on the subject at Canterbury, and fierce denunciation by Conservative members of the “Poor-law Bastilles.” At Manchester, Bolton, and other manufacturing towns, the Chartists seek to raise disturbances by compelling workmen to cease from labour during the “sacred month”; and at Newport there is a fatal outbreak suppressed by the troops. In the face of such demonstrations, Mr. Villiers’s Corn-law motion and Mr. Hume’s annual demand for household suffrage could not be expected to make much progress. A small beginning, however, was made in the way of national education, and penny postage was decreed from and after the beginning of 1840. In that year the Royal Marriage had a soothing effect at home, while the Four Powers treaty in regard to Egypt brought foreign questions to the front and raised some apprehension of a collision with France, who bitterly resented her exclusion from the compact as injurious to her dignity in Europe. “Yes, gentlemen,” M. Thiers exclaimed in the Chamber, “whenever Europe, the whole of Europe, should say to us, ‘If you do not choose such or such a thing, we will do it without you, and in spite of you,’ I would cry, ‘War!’”—language in which we may trace the original of Louis Napoleon’s dictum, “When France is satisfied, Europe is tranquil.” At the same sitting Marshal Bugeaud threw in some sobering observations, such as were much wanted in the same Assembly last July. The Marshal said he had infinite respect for the “Marseillaise,” but he doubted whether by itself it would secure victory. “In action it was better not to sing, and the most formidable troops were silent ones.” His hearers knew what troops he meant, and took the hint.

It is not perhaps encouraging to scan too narrowly the motives which govern great political movements. The agitators for the repeal of the Corn-laws were undoubtedly open to the observation that their success might be a national benefit, but would certainly be a personal gain, since they were mostly manufacturers, to whom cheap bread meant a larger export trade. On the other hand, the sudden interest of country gentlemen in overworked operatives and oppressed paupers was not altogether unconnected with a desire to distract attention from the Corn-laws and to secure the sympathy and support of the working-classes against the repealers. In 1841 the Free-trade agitation had acquired considerable force, but the Conservatives, aided by Peel’s announcement that he was prepared for a partial change, gained a large majority at the elections and ousted the Melbourne Ministry. The new sliding scale, however, rather fanned than allayed the fierceness of the contest. On both sides there was great excitement and animosity. Cobden was hustled and insulted at the Corn Exchange, Mark Lane; and in reference to an expected visit from Mr. Bright, the *Newcastle Journal* expressed a hope that there might be found “some stalwart yeoman ready to treat the disaffected vagabond as he deserves.” On the other hand, a clerical Free-trader publicly intimated that he had heard of a proposal to draw lots to kill Sir R. Peel, and that if he perished no one would mourn him. Cobden’s ill-considered declaration in one of his speeches, that he would hold Peel personally responsible for the existing state of things, was construed by the latter into a menace to his life, and caused a sensation at the time, though afterwards explained away.

Notwithstanding the tremendous exertions of the League, the eloquence of its orators, and the justice of its cause, it was Ireland rather than England which accomplished the abolition of the Corn-laws; and O’Connell, aided by the famine, had a more direct and immediate influence than Cobden and Bright. It was in fact the Irish famine which settled the question. In England there had been for some years great distress in the manufacturing districts. In June 1842 one-fifth of the whole population of Leeds was reported to be dependent on poor-rates. At Staleybridge and other places there were serious affrays between the military and the mob. In the large towns the Chartists took advantage of the general discontent to propagate their schemes. “Rebecca and her daughters” were busy in Wales, where religious and economical causes were both at work. Nor had the outcry of a certain section of the Conservatives against the new Poor-law been with-

out its fruit. Even in the agricultural districts a degree of sullen irritation prevailed which showed itself every now and then in alarming symptoms. In Ireland O'Connell was pushing the Repeal movement with a fervour and energy by the side of which the efforts of the agitators of our own day are pale and tame. He addressed "monster meetings," at some of which as many as 300,000 men, almost the entire population of the district, were said to be present, a large proportion of them on horseback. At Tralee it was estimated by enthusiastic partisans that, reckoning the crowds who blocked the roads round the meeting, a million and a half of people were collected. The effect of the famine upon a population thus excited to disaffection and revolt was naturally alarming. In the spring of 1846 there were riots in many towns of Ireland. "We have cannon," writes a resident at Clonmel, "at either end of the town, and the streets are full of soldiers and police. This morning the mob broke into every baker's shop in the place." The report from Carrick-on-Suir is—"The mob had it all their own way, and the town looks as if it had been sacked by an army." At Castlebar market potatoes were from 3d. to 5d. per stone, and oatmeal 13s. to 16s. per cwt. It was under the pressure of this catastrophe that Peel gave way; but Free-trade at the end of three years was too dilatory a measure of relief for a starving population. In January 1847 it was reported that there was scarcely a county in Ireland in which the people were not dying of starvation. The coroners could not undertake their work, and in one place, Margharrow, there were forty dead bodies waiting inquests. In many cases the dead were buried without coffins, and sometimes they were thrust into the fields. As a not extraordinary incident, a correspondent relates:—"I went into a cabin and found thirteen persons—five lying ill on some dirty straw in a corner, five in another place in a kind of bed, two girls recovering, and one little girl able only to hand the other a drink of water." Peel's fall, caused by a combination of opponents and the defection of his own party, enabled Lord John Russell to suspend the Corn-laws altogether, and the kingdom was probably saved from a revolution. It is impossible to read the accounts of the revolutionary contagion of 1848 without reflecting that its harmlessness in our own country was mainly due to the timely removal of the dangerous and desperate irritation of 1846 and 1847.

An amusing as well as interesting part of the "Annals" consists of quotations from "Hansard." The meaning of "H.B.'s" caricature, in which Peel is represented with Disraeli as his shadow, is illustrated in such passages as that in which the latter denounced "the organized hypocrisy" of the Government (words afterwards applied to himself) and "the dynasty of deception." Some years later, Sir J. Graham avenged his former leader by describing Mr. Disraeli as the Red Indian of debate, and a perpetual illustration of the fact "that one might lose one's curls and still retain one's taste for sarcasm." Lord Palmerston's vigorous raillery, Lord Russell's sententiousness, Colonel Sibthorp's drolleries, Brougham's eccentric flights, and Lord Westbury's sardonic humours, are displayed in turn. The suppression of duelling is a distinct social advance, in which England as yet stands almost alone. The last duel in this country was that between two officers on Gosport beach in 1845; but in the beginning of the present reign political duelling was still the fashion, and Mr. Horsman and Mr. Roebuck have both been "out." In the well-known case of M. Pène, who was challenged by a score of subalterns in the French army for some jesting remarks on their order, and, victorious in one duel, was pinked in the next by a fencing-master, the practice was reduced to a logical absurdity. Mr. Irving chronicles the duel between Thiers and Bixio, but has omitted the satirical excuse of the latter for missing his opponent—that he fired at the height of a man. The theological agitation, dating from "Tract No. 90" down to the Purchas case, is traced in an extremely interesting manner. In Parliament, as in the Church, the same questions are continually recurring, while other repetitions of history may be found by turning to the instructive entries under the head of "Russia" and "France." Any one who dips into the "Annals" here and there will perhaps be startled to find how few among the questions of to-day are really new.

ACADEMIC CARNIVALS.

THE Universities are just now engaged in keeping their annual carnival. Cambridge is at the height of its May Term hospitalities and festivities. Oxford is on the eve of Commemoration. At first sight it might appear that Oxford is the more frugal and economical in its pleasures, and that it "spares to interpose them off" by endeavouring to compress the bulk of them into Commemoration Week. But each year the whole of the summer term becomes more and more infected by the spirit of its concluding portion; and at Cambridge the last half of the May Term is as much turned upside down as ever the Princess Ida's University was by the great battle and the wounded men.

It is worth while briefly to reckon up the demands which this season superadds upon the undergraduate class, over and above the ordinary life of the University. It need hardly be said that the College boat-races hold their own in May, and that the crowds who look on with eager interest from the banks increase rather than diminish. But boating, even at the racing season, is after all the most economical in time among University amusements. A man who devotes himself to rowing may yet read hard; but a man who

devotes his mind to cricket has very little left of himself to spare for anything else. Besides assiduous practice, the matches come thick and fast; many of these involve visits to public schools or elsewhere at a considerable distance; and watching play at Cowley Marsh or on Fenner's takes up only less time than playing itself. It is just at this crisis, when a more than ordinary absence of external distractions would seem to be advisable in order to redress the balance between reasonable study and highly developed recreation, that the Universities begin to fill with those insidious charmers who consume in the end as much time as cricket and boating put together. The Backs of the colleges, the Parks, and the Broad Walk, are bright with the variegated hues of "lionesses," entertaining and to be entertained; and for the benefit of these visitors a whole system of social gatherings is organized. Croquet-parties, water-parties, dinners, little dances, college balls and boat-club balls, theatricals in private houses, to say nothing of special performances of the A.D.C., bring matters at last to such a pass that it is difficult indeed to recognise, amid the general confusion, the real causes of things. The undergraduate, driven not unwillingly from pillar to post, and following delightedly one will-o'-the-wisp after another, begins to mistake his *raison d'être*; and, regarding the University as a school of manners for the upper classes and a foundation specially designed for the enjoyment of female society, he thinks it a weak and foolish thing to decline a party on the unhandsome plea that Moderations are at hand, or that he ought to "read for his May." It was, we believe, the late Dr. Donaldson who in the May Term discovered that the esoteric meaning of the Trinity arms (a lion between two books) was that lions interrupt reading.

If time runs away rapidly in these protracted dissipations, money is not slow to follow it. There are perhaps few of the misconceptions of our youth on which we look back with a more genuine sense of the absurd than the wonderful profusion of our academic banquets, more especially in the summer term. We might have seen just as much of life, we might have been just as correct, and (for the matter of that) just as fast, and yet the *pompa canne* need not have been quite so laboriously prolonged, so curiously diversified, and so annoyingly expensive when our respected parent came to pay the College bills and tradesmen's small accounts. In a servile obedience to the law or custom of profusion we must take leave to think that undergraduates are not solely or even chiefly to blame. One of the most curious, and to our thinking one of the most deplorable, anomalies at the Universities, is the practice, in vogue at all events in certain Colleges, of tutors entertaining successful scholars, on their election, with a *menu* which would be simply ludicrous if the laughable element were not displaced by more serious considerations. Why cannot these tutors detect that it is, *pace Academicæ* we may say it, little better than a form of vulgarity to show the undergraduate mind that a bigger academic income means (for one thing) nothing higher than the power of exhibiting a bigger profusion on the table? Could they not seize the golden opportunity—no better is likely ever to occur in their pupils' lives—of pointing out not only how well-bred, but how attractive, a thing is the combination of thorough excellence in kind with severe simplicity in selection and quantity? Then, if ever, one would have thought that men of culture and experience might find it not impossible to indoctrinate some young minds—who would not be found unresponsive—with some truer and finer ideal of social pleasure than their lives habitually yield, something of the tone suggested in Mr. Tennyson's "Invitation to the Isle of Wight," or in the elder poet's summons to

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son.

But to recur to the special seasons of University carnival. We have only sketched a few outlines of the picture, and have kept out of sight a good deal of strong colouring that might easily be added. And what is the plea, one would like to ask, for retaining this peculiar system of academic *bouleversement*, or what kind of remedy might be proposed with any chance of success? There is of course a strong conservative prejudice against change, not only in the minds of those who enjoy the pleasure, but even of those who see and understand the mischief. Things always were so; there always was a May Term, and Commemoration bustle has been from immemorial time. Exactly; but the conditions were not formerly the same that they are now. Excitement of all kinds was not formerly pushed to the present excessive pitch; the appliances of ready luxury were not so many; custom was not so facile; sports had not been organized into a serious occupation; Oxford and Cambridge could not be so easily flooded in the coaching days with a crowd of exacting visitors coming in with the chestnuts and laburnums.

Mr. Mark Pattison, writing three or four years ago, speaks (in his *Academical Suggestions*) of the mastery which the athletic furor had by that time established over all minds in Oxford. So entirely are the tutors beaten by it that, to cover the disgrace of defeat, they are obliged to affect to patronize and encourage the evil. The summer weather, as he says and as everybody knows, brings in with it College disorganization. Men are playing all day, or preparing for it, or refreshing themselves after their fatigues. The academical year, he adds, is now usually reckoned at 168 days; but it is not in reality so long; five or six weeks have to be deducted from the summer term, and charged to the vacation side of the account. And the effect of the summer terms does not merely begin and end with themselves. In the case of many men it imparts too much colour to the entire year, and lends too much of its own character to their whole academic lives. At Oxford,

counting in everything that by the most charitable courtesy can be called an "honour" distinction—including, that is to say, the lowest classes in Moderations and in the Final Schools—out of the whole number of men frequenting the University, not more than thirty per cent. can be reckoned as honour students. The remaining seventy per cent. either learn nothing at all, or else learn over again what ought to have been mastered at sixteen. Even the attempt to teach this much is sometimes in vain, owing (as the Rector of Lincoln has truly said) to a "habit of duncehood, which has been acquired by the passive resistance of the mind to the reiteration of the same matter." The proportion of honour students among the more numerous undergraduate body at Cambridge—the undergraduate residents there are now more than two thousand—is no doubt very considerably higher. Cambridge is in certain ways an eminently practical University, and does something towards indemnifying herself for the May Term carnival by establishing a sort of by or fourth term period during the Long Vacation. This institution is of the common law or unwritten order, and is the growth of recent years; it owes its origin to the collapse of the pretty but too idyllic system of reading parties at the Lakes and such charming districts, and it is worked with such a will that all through August and September hall, chapel, and private coaches are in visible and active operation. This is all very well for the reading men who stay up; but it must be remembered that most of these belong to the class who suffer probably less than others from the gaieties of the summer.

The Long Vacation has been itself attacked as a great academic abuse. Mr. Gladstone, in particular, is said to have intimated his opinion that the Long Vacation is too long. But, irrespective of the special advantages which are got out of it at Cambridge, the most practical men engaged in the work of the Universities would be probably inclined to give a candid hearing to Mr. Pattison when he pleads that the true system is not to shorten the vacation but to lengthen the terms; to have two terms instead of three, and to have them longer. Several years ago, in an early issue of the *Oxford Essays* (if we remember rightly), the suggestion was made to convert the year into two great periods, session and vacation. The vacation was to last from May 1 to October 1, and the session, without any but the slightest breaks, from October 1 to May 1. Mr. Pattison's scheme is more precise and more feasible. He would not do away with a *bona fide* Christmas vacation, but he would have two terms only, not three, as at present. The first should last from October 10 to December 23, the second from January 14 to June 1. There might be an interval of ten days at Easter; but, even so, the University year would consist of 200 days, which would be an increase of a clear month on the present standard. In reality the increase would be more; for the proposal extends further, in the direction of confining all examinations to one period of the year, and making that period the month of May. It is calculated that, were some such measure as this carried into effect, more than half of May, which is now lost by the academic carnival system, would then be added to the period of actual work. We doubt whether this scheme, or some modification of it, has ever yet received at the hands of the University authorities quite the amount of consideration which is its due. We should be the last to underrate the elements of real improvement which have come into working during recent years both at Oxford and Cambridge. At Cambridge, also, the real importance in the principal Colleges of their own internal examinations cannot be overlooked, while the great tradition of the Mathematical Tripos and of the Senior Wrangler in January is one with which no Oxford reformer can be competent to deal. In fact, Oxford ought not to pretend to frame the by-laws for Cambridge, nor Cambridge for Oxford. The *Times*, when summing up certain effects of "a generation of progress," is right in saying that the tone of society in the Colleges and the general behaviour of the undergraduates are greatly improved. But the amount of sheer loss of time which is incurred at present is enormous, and—unless some unknown and untraceable obstacles are barring the way—it ought to be treated without delay by vigorous and wholesome legislation from within.

REPORT OF THE VACCINATION ACT COMMITTEE.

THE purpose for which the Select Committee on the Vaccination Act was stated to be appointed admitted of two interpretations. It was directed to inquire whether the Act should be amended; and amendment might be taken as identical with more stringent execution or with virtual repeal. The Report endeavours to steer a middle course between these two extremes. At present the Act is found fault with by different classes of persons on directly opposite grounds. It offends the fanatical minority, because it aims at making vaccination compulsory; it offends the rational majority, because it fails to make vaccination compulsory. The Committee recommend that it should be altered so as to offend the minority as much as ever, and the majority a little more than ever. If their suggestions are adopted, the law will still inflict a penalty of fine or imprisonment on any parent who wilfully neglects to have his child vaccinated; but when once the fine has been paid or the imprisonment undergone, no further penalty will be imposed in respect of the same child. The offender will be considered to have bought the right to keep his child in constant danger of catching and communicating small-pox, and no further interference will be attempted with the sacred privilege of

the British parent to make the British baby a danger to itself and to all around it. This is the result of a process described in the Report as weighing "the claims of the parent to control as he thinks fit the medical treatment of an infant child, as against the duty of the State to protect the health of the community, and to save the child itself from a dreadful disease." The Committee seem to think that these conflicting pretensions may be happily reconciled by an arrangement by which the parent shall be made to pay for his right of control, while the State shall not insist on protecting either the community or the infant. In this way the maximum of irritation is ingeniously combined with the minimum of safety. The parent is punished for refusing to have his child vaccinated—a proceeding which is very well calculated to make the law and its administration distasteful to him; but the child remains unvaccinated—a proceeding which is equally well calculated to secure the propagation of the disease.

It is not from any doubt as to the efficacy of vaccination as a preventive against small-pox that the Committee have been led to this conclusion. Even the principal representative of the opponents of vaccination, Mr. Jacob Bright, was willing to acknowledge that "the cow-pox affords, if not an absolute, yet a very great protection against an attack of small-pox," and to declare it "desirable that every facility should be given to enable the people to be carefully vaccinated;" though he wished to add a dissuasive from compulsory vaccination on the grounds "that the health and lives of some children are, though it may be in rare cases, undoubtedly sacrificed by it," and that certain contagious diseases "can be and are transmitted by it." It does not appear, however, that Mr. Bright felt any very strong conviction of the strength of his case, for he did not divide the Committee upon his amendment. Indeed, we are not sure that he was not converted by the arguments used against him by his brother Committee-men; at least his name is found in the majority which rejected an amendment moved by Mr. Candlish to the effect that it had been given in evidence "that in a few cases disease may have been communicated by vaccination." Whatever may be the present state of Mr. Bright's mind on the subject, the great majority of the Committee are agreed that vaccination is "a very great" protection against an attack of small-pox; that it is "an almost absolute" protection against death by small-pox; that, if performed with due care as to the health of the person vaccinated and the character of the lymph used, "there need be no apprehension that vaccination will injure health or communicate any disease;" that small-pox, unchecked by vaccination, "is one of the most terrible and destructive of diseases, as regards the danger of infection, the proportion of deaths amongst those attacked, and the permanent injury to the survivors;" and from all this they deduce the not excessive conclusion "that it is the duty of the State to endeavour to secure the careful vaccination of the whole population." With the suggestions they offer towards carrying out this object there is no positive fault to be found. They propose that the appointment of an officer to promote vaccination and to prosecute persons offending against the Act should be made obligatory upon the Guardians of every parish, and that a part of the expenses incurred in working the Act should be contributed from money voted by Parliament. The propriety of these changes is obvious. Everybody's business is nobody's business, and where there is no special officer appointed to see that children are vaccinated, it is pretty certain that careless or prejudiced parents will disobey the law without let or hindrance. It is curiously characteristic of English legislation that the application of a so-called compulsory Act should have been made virtually dependent on the caprice of each separate Board of Guardians. As to the payment of the expenses, the Committee are no doubt right in saying that central inspection and control "would be much more powerful if a payment towards the expenses could be withdrawn in cases of maladministration." But such simple improvements as these might perhaps have been devised without the intervention of a Select Committee. It is not safe, of course, to say what the Home Secretary could do unassisted, but we are inclined to think that a Bill embodying these two proposals might have been found within the compass even of Mr. Bruce. What the Committee was really wanted to do was to suggest an effective mode of dealing with parents who refuse to have their children vaccinated. At present they are able to defy the law, provided that they are willing to pay for the privilege of doing so. Imprisonment is rarely inflicted, and though they may be fined again and again, the object of the Act—the protection of the public against infection—remains unattained. The Committee dismiss this, the really important part of the subject, with a curt intimation that they "cannot recommend that a policeman should be empowered to take a baby from its mother to the vaccine station, a measure which could only be justified by an extreme necessity." We admit the accuracy of this description of the "measure." But we submit that the office of the Committee in this case was not so much to enunciate truisms as to examine, first, whether compulsory vaccination involves as a matter of course the taking by a policeman of a baby from its mother to the vaccine station; and, secondly, whether the extreme necessity which can alone justify such a measure has really arisen. As to the first of these points the forcible severance of the baby from its mother, and the solitary journey of the former to the vaccine station in the arms of a policeman, form a sensational picture which would have been more in keeping with an anti-vaccination placard than with the Report of an impartial Committee. Why might not mother and child be both taken to the vaccine station? or why might not the

vaccinator go to the house of any parent who had been fined for non-compliance with the law, and there vaccinate the child? Forcible intervention between parent and child can never be a pleasant process, but it is one to which the Court of Chancery is from time to time compelled to have recourse; and unless the Education Act is to be a dead letter, it is one to which School Boards will soon be compelled to have recourse. Why should it be worse to tell a mother that she must allow the doctor to vaccinate her child than to tell her that she must allow the Lord Chancellor to determine in what religion her child is to be brought up? As a matter of fact, where vaccination is concerned it is probably more often the father who objects than the mother—the ladies who are prominent in the agitation against the law being usually, we believe, unmarried—and perhaps the Select Committee might not have the same objection to the taking by the policeman of a baby from its father to the vaccine station. We can see no reason, however, why upon a second summons—for the first the infliction of a fine would be sufficient punishment—the offending parent should not be ordered to produce his child before the magistrate, the vaccinating surgeon of the district being in attendance at the same time for the purpose of carrying out the law. Any additional expense incurred on this account might be defrayed out of the fund arising from former fines.

Whether the urgency of vaccination is sufficiently established to make this interference with parental authority really necessary is a question into which the Report of the Select Committee does not enter. In the immediate presence of the prolonged epidemic in London, and having regard to the almost unanimous judgment of the medical profession that vaccination is a certain preservative against death from the disease, and an almost certain preservative against being attacked by the disease, it seems hardly necessary to say much about it. It would be an exaggeration of parental liberty to make it include the right of exposing a child to possible death and probable suffering. But when, in addition to the mischief done to the child, there is a further mischief done to the public in the propagation of the complaint in those cases, necessarily numerous in a large community, in which vaccination has been accidentally neglected, or has been unsuccessfully performed, or has lost its efficacy, the argument in favour of enforcing the practice becomes much stronger. If every child in England were vaccinated, the chances of small-pox breaking out as it has done in London would be almost infinitesimal. Nothing stands in the way of our attaining this degree of security except the ignorance or carelessness of some parents and the fanatical obstinacy of others. The present law, if properly carried out, is sufficient to deal with the first two obstacles, but it is confessedly powerless to deal with the last. The Committee propose to make this powerlessness a little more evident than it is now by protecting a parent on whom one full penalty has been inflicted from any future punishment in respect of the same child. If the parent's objection is to be allowed to stand in the way of the child's vaccination, it would be more consistent with the dignity of the law not to enter upon a contest in which victory is all along impossible. To punish a man for a first offence while leaving him free to commit it for the future is tantamount to saying, We must fine you just to keep up appearances, but we acknowledge that you are only exercising a discretion with which, so long as you choose to pay for it, we have no right to interfere. Upon another point of some importance—the impunity with which persons interested in the sale of patent drugs and others are allowed publicly to incite people to disobey the law—the Committee are absolutely silent. It is matter for just regret that the Report should have been framed rather in the interest of those members who have crotchety or deluded constituents to conciliate than in that of the public, which it condemns to remain exposed to a gratuitous, because preventable, danger.

ST. ALBANS ABBEY.

A PARISH which has had the combined good and bad luck to inherit a first-class minster as its parish church is in somewhat the same case as the courtier of an Eastern King to whom his master has given a white elephant. It has a venerable and magnificent possession, which it looks on with pride and affection, which strangers perhaps look upon with envy, but which withal entails responsibilities which go some way to convert the privilege into a burden. There stands the great abbey church, not a ruin which asks nothing more than to be guarded against further destruction, but a living thing, the regular place of worship of the parish, which must in any case be kept weather-tight and decent, and which the feelings of our age require to be kept something more than weather-tight and decent. The building is there, and it must be kept up, but the revenues which in old times went to the building and keeping it up have vanished. A cathedral church is better off; its Bishop or its Chapter could not possibly keep it up as it should be kept up out of their own funds only; still they and their funds form a centre and a nest-egg; they have special means of stirring up others, and people generally feel that the cathedral church of the diocese has some claim upon them. At any rate they feel it if the diocese and the county happen to be the same; for when the diocese stretches into two or more counties, it is sometimes hard to persuade the people of the county in which the cathedral does not stand that they can have anything to do with a building not in their own county.

But the minster which has sunk into a parish church has in the first instance no one to look to but its own parishioners. It is not in the same sense the centre of anything; it has not the same claims upon anybody else that the cathedral has. In times past, if there was the fabric of the great Abbey Church to be kept up, there were the revenues of the great Abbey to keep it up. But a parish must now be at once unusually wealthy and unusually bountiful if it can find either the will or the means to keep it up as it was kept up in the days of Abbots.

These difficulties reach their highest point in the case of the Abbey of St. Albans, the church of the protomartyr of Britain. The greatest church in England is thrown on the resources of a parish in an ordinary country town, and it need not be said that the state of the building is not exactly what any of its ancient prelates, Abbot De la Mare or Abbot Whethampstead, would have wished to see it. Neither do we know whether it has gained or lost by the hope of an elevation to cathedral rank which has for many years past been ever and anon dangled before it. One thing is certain; no one could have the face to ask the inhabitants of Hertfordshire to do anything for Rochester Cathedral on the ground of its being their mother church so long as the most perverse of all diocesan arrangements is still allowed to exist. Hertfordshire may reasonably look to St. Albans as its natural ecclesiastical centre, and it may reasonably be asked to share the burden of keeping up the church of the protomartyr both with the inhabitants of the parish and with those persons anywhere who may be disposed to help to keep up one of the noblest of our national monuments.

The Abbey of St. Albans, like the Abbey of Glastonbury, is one of the ties which connects the Church of the Englishman with the Church of the Briton. But at St. Albans the tie is much less direct than it is at Glastonbury. It is a material rather than an historical tie. At Glastonbury the British foundation itself lived through the English Conquest, and though nothing now remains either of the British church or of the church of Dunstan, yet in a sort of figure both of them still exist. Each has left its unmistakable mark on the arrangements of the existing building. At Glastonbury there is an uninterrupted continuity between the earliest days of Christianity and the days of Henry the Eighth. At St. Albans we have to lengthen at one end and shorten at the other; the continuity lasts from the days of Offa to our own time. A church is indeed said to have been built over the remains of the martyr almost as soon as his martyrdom happened, and the swift change from the days of Diocletian to the days of Constantine makes this tradition perfectly possible. But whatever rose on the spot in Roman times, or in the days of darkness between Roman and Englishman, was swept away in the storm of the English Conquest. Verulam, conquered by heathen invaders in the sixth century, was destroyed and forsaken. Glastonbury, conquered by Christian invaders in the seventh, was preserved and revered. The Roman town became a desolate ruin, and it never was, like Chester and Cambridge, restored on its old site. The Abbey, founded by Offa in the eighth century on the supposed site of the martyrdom, rose at a little distance from the Roman town, and the English town of course grew about the Abbey. In site and foundation, then, there is no continuity whatever between Roman Verulam and English St. Albans. But this very lack of historical continuity supplied a connexion of another kind. The choice which Offa made of a site and a patron for his new foundation implies a sentimental reverence for the state of things which had passed away, of which we have not many cases in English monastic history. But besides this, St. Albans and Verulam have a purely material connexion of the very closest kind. The site is changed, but the materials are, so to speak, personally the same. At Glastonbury, with all its historical continuity, we cannot point to any stone which was wrought into its present shape at an earlier time than the twelfth century. The Lady Chapel occupies the site and is the historical representative of the wooden church of the Briton, but physical identity there is none. But at St. Albans we see, though on another site, the actual bricks of Roman Verulam; possibly we see the actual bricks of the first church of the protomartyr, on another site. The forsaken Roman town appears in a twofold character in the days of the early Abbots. It was a thorn in their sides, inasmuch as its ruins afforded a lurking-place for thieves and other evil persons. It was also a most useful quarry out of whose endless store of Roman bricks they dug the materials for their own buildings. We might perhaps add that it filled a third function as an occasional subject of scientific research. The eighth Abbot Ealdred did his best to clear the ruins of their dangerous inhabitants, and he carried off such bricks and stones as were useful for his purpose for the building of his church. But he also explored, for the benefit of comparative mythology, a cave which had once been dwelt in by a dragon, and he took care not to destroy the traces of its former owner: "Vestigia aeterna habitationis serpentina derelinquens." For the benefit of geologists too he found "conchas, quales litus maris solet educare vel ejicere cum arenis squoreis." The next Abbot, Eadmer, had more of the spirit of Omar about him; he burned the idolatrous books which were found in the wall, and ground to powder the altars and other relics of idolatry. Out of this endless store of earlier remains the present church of St. Albans was built by the first foreign Abbot, the Lombard Paul, the nephew of Lanfranc. We say built by him, because, though much has been added and altered, the impress of the original Norman design still remains stamped on the whole building. The enormous length of its western limb must have been somewhat relieved when

it had a high roof and western towers, and it is in some measure accounted for by the fact that at St. Albans the choir was placed, not only, as was usual in Norman churches, under the central tower, but actually to the west of it, as it still is at Westminster. Yet, allowing for all this, the actual nave of St. Albans, not reckoning the choir, is one of the vastest that we have, ranking with Ely, Winchester, and Peterborough. As the building now stands, there is something uncouth and disproportionate in this vast, long, and seemingly low body, neither lifted up, as it were, by the high-pitched roof nor yet broken by pinnacles. Yet its very strangeness and uncouthness makes it the more striking; it gives it a kind of personal character of its own, which we are not sure that we would destroy, even to have the high roof and the towers back again. The very rudeness and strangeness is somehow not out of place. We hardly judge of St. Albans by any rules of art; it seems as if it had not been made, but grown. Those massive Romanesque arches were actually put together by an insolent stranger of the twelfth century, who turned the English Abbots out of their tombs, pronouncing them to be rude and ignorant barbarians. But in so putting them together he only carried out the schemes which had been planned by the men whom he despised, and used the materials which they had collected for the work. And the materials which the Englishman had gathered together, and which the stranger made use of, had already done duty, seven or eight hundred years earlier, as the materials of an Imperial basilica, of a heathen temple, or of the earliest church of St. Alban himself. The use of these old Roman relics gives us a church, Norman in date, but with very few Norman details. The massive brick arches have no details at all, and in the towers and in the transepts certain baluster shafts have been used which carry us back to the earliest works at Jarrow and Monkwearmouth. These, we can hardly doubt, were at least among the materials made ready for the work by the ancient Abbots, if they are not actually fragments of the church of Offa used up again. On the whole, St. Albans, built after the Conquest by the most contumelious of the strangers whom the Conquest brought into England, is still, in style, material, and feeling, that one among our great churches which most thoroughly carries us back to Old-English and even to earlier days.

The history of the fabric of the minster is well known, being minutely recorded in one of the fullest of mediæval local histories, the *Gesta Abbatum Sancti Albani*, the former part of which, including the mythical parts—and the history even of Abbot Frithric in the eleventh century is strangely mythical—comes from no less a pen than that of Matthew Paris. St. Albans indeed was the seat of a long-continued school of historians, who took special care to record the history of their own dwelling-place. The local record has been made good use of by Messrs. Buckler in their work on the Abbey church, and more lately by Mr. Scott in a Report on the contemplated restoration of the building. Mr. Scott dwells with a sort of delight on the deeds of John, the twenty-first Abbot; how he began to build and was not able to finish; how he began a stately west front of most exquisite work, and how his more practical successor, William of Trumpington, carried it out in a much plainer style. Though the main limbs still keep the plan and proportions of the original building, yet the various changes have brought in a great deal of variety in style, and make the church a text-book of mediæval architecture from its beginning to its ending. One thing especially to be noticed is that, though but little of the ancient fittings remains, few churches retain the ancient arrangements more distinctly marked. The great St. Cuthbert's screen still spans the western limb; not a mere rood-screen, but, as its two doorways show, the reareds of the people's high altar at the east end of the nave. With this before our eyes, it is well to remember that the great East-Anglian churches of Wymondham and Bingham, two of the best examples of the double arrangement, were both of them cells of St. Albans. So was Tynemouth, in the far north, where we also know from Matthew Paris that the same arrangement was to be found. At the east end again, behind the monastic high altar, we still see the great reareds, the fellow of that at Winchester, and beyond that the marks of the site of the shrine of the protomartyr. When the great work of restoration now contemplated is carried into effect, the double arrangement so strongly impressed on the fabric will have to be carefully borne in mind. Whether St. Albans remains as a mere parish church, or becomes the seat of a bishopric—and the placing of St. Albans in the diocese of Rochester is really the most absurd piece of geography on record—it must not be forgotten that, as we have it now, St. Albans is really two churches under one roof. It is not a case like Hereford or Lichfield, where there could be no doubt as to throwing down all encumbrances, and making the church one whole. The vast size of St. Albans, and the ancient division which made two ritual churches out of what was architecturally one, make this a special case. If the church ever does become a cathedral, the difficulty will be less than if it remains merely a parish church. And we wish all success to the movement which seeks to raise the vastest church in all England to the rank which it may almost claim as its right.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ADDISON falling into a dream in a picture-gallery saw the most famous artists of his day at work. One was called Vanity, with the manners of a Frenchman; a second, dressed as a German, bore a hard name sounding like Stupidity; a third, a Dutchman, was known as Industry; a fourth, somewhat Cosmopolitan, or, as we might now term him, International, was a painter of commercial habits, called Avarice. In our English Academy may be found these and other like characters, either home-born, or imported from beyond the seas. On this occasion we propose to speak of the foreign contributors, and also of our native portrait-painters. We will begin with the men and women of our own times, painted by the artists of our times.

The statesmen and aldermen, men of letters, arts, and science, now assembled within the Academy, would form a widely representative portrait-gallery. Yet, in looking at "Earl Russell" (364), by Mr. Sant, R.A., the "Duke of Richmond" (152), by the Hon. H. Graves, the "Right Hon. Mr. Bruce" (154), by Mr. Wells, R.A., and the "Right Hon. J. Stansfeld" (203), by Mr. Sidley, it does not appear that the type of statesmanship has of late years risen either in physique or intellect. The fault may sometimes lie with the sitter, in other cases with the painter. Both would seem to blame in the case of Earl Russell (364), so delineated by Mr. Sant as to recall a certain caricature, "Johnny, I fear you are not strong enough for the place." And so, too, we think Mr. Graves has failed to endow the Duke of Richmond (152) with the senatorial dignity befitting the leader of a great party. This painter is usually animated by good intentions, but still his work remains amateurish. Mr. Wells, an artist eminently fertile in resource, has evidently had difficulties to contend with in the not very ancestral or historic features of the Secretary for the Home Office (154). The picture is painted with strength and solidity, and the artist has been at pains to give to the figure a cogitative bearing. He so far indeed succeeds in this effort as to remind the spectator of what Charles Lamb said in praise of slowness of apprehension:—"You can see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over the countenance, climbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it clears up at last to the fullness of a twilight conception—its highest meridian." In turning to the "Right Hon. James Stansfeld" (203), we are pained to see how cruelly painters deal with the complexions of our statesmen. Had Mr. Sidley been a Titian or Morone, a Minister even after a midnight debate would not have been thus transmitted to posterity, pale and wan. In this great Gallery it is to be observed that senators suffer more seriously in colour than the rest of humanity. Thus, while Mr. Stansfeld looks from above the line of the Academy colourless, his *vis-à-vis* Mr. Millais, the Academician (172), and Mr. Grote, the historian (165), are absolutely rubicund. Statesmen who still pride themselves on that colour or complexion which used to be the boast of the fine old English gentleman must choose their portrait-painter as carefully as they would their biographer or executor. A more serious matter is that our senators are denied birth and breeding. When we compare the portraits before us with characters that descend from the easels of Titian, Tintoret, Antonio More, or Vandyke, in place of commanding state we find plain plebeianism. "Educated mechanic" was a term of reproach once cast at a rising man in the House of Commons, and such is the mental standard at which our portrait-painters now appear to aim. One alternative of plodding stolidity would seem to be a certain free swagger and easy indifference which might answer to the generic description of "Christopher North in his Shooting-jacket." The Academy displays portraits conspicuously which might answer to this designation. In order to distinguish more nicely, it might be useful to refer to a passage on portraiture by Mr. Ruskin, as follows:—"A man is known to his dog by the smell, to his tailor by the coat, to his friend by the smile; each of these knows him, but how little, or how much, depends on the dignity of the intelligence."

The thinking principle in a man sometimes stands out strongly even in a poor picture. One of the most eminent of Nonconformist preachers, "The Rev. Thomas Binney" (443), makes an impressive portrait by massiveness of brain; the picture would be satisfactory had it better colour. Want of colour and poor quality in flesh painting also mar another carefully modelled and highly expressive head, that of the Rev. F. D. Maurice (314), by Mr. S. Laurence. A like objection may be made to the vigorous rendering by Mr. Armitage of "A Deputation to Faraday" (311). Possibly the realm of science, but certainly not the world of art or the empire of beauty, is ruled by heads such as are here painted of Lord Wrottesley, Mr. Gassiot, and Mr. Grove. Yet the artist has endowed these masters of science with dignity. The mind or soul of portraiture is also present in Madame Browne's simple and broad treatment of "Le Père Hyacinthe" (477). It may be interesting to remember that the artist's real name is Madame de Saux, a lady of birth and fortune, the "wife of a gentleman who held an important post in the diplomatic circle of Paris." The greatest achievement of Madame de Saux, "The Sisters of Charity," may be strictly termed a portrait picture, for we are told that "in all the lady's paintings every face is a portrait; every detail, however minute, is copied from nature with literal fidelity." The want indeed of imagination, impulse, or the faculty of creation, has been felt whenever the artist has taken

pencil in hand, even though only to paint a portrait. Yet the figure before us, in common with heads we have known in Paris, has the persuasive force of truth when outspoken earnestly. Madame de Saux has never proved herself a colourist. In fact, she shares the merits and defects common to the portrait-painting of our times; our living artists read character clearly, but they lack artistic treatment, the ardour of colour, the insight of imagination. The Scotch school, under traditions from the late Sir Watson Gordon, is grey, granulated, grave. "Lord Cowan, Edinburgh" (204), by Mr. Macbeth, one of the best of its kind, is colourless, notwithstanding the presence of red. Mr. Herdman of Edinburgh seems in danger of flying in the opposite direction; "Lady Susan Bourke" (287) is brilliant in handling and colour, but wanting in firmness and detail. Lady portraits, as a rule, exemplify the most flagrant vices in art; all that is ridiculous and in bad taste in modern fashion lady-sitters insist upon seeing on canvas. We revert to sterner phases of humanity in a somewhat monumental figure of "Randle Wilbraham, Esq., Presented by his Tenantry" (351). Mr. Legros has the talent which makes a great portrait-painter. Although knock-down dogmatism is fatal to a recipient state of mind, to the function of holding the mirror up to nature, which would seem to be the first office of the portrait-painter, nevertheless "Randle Wilbraham, Esq.," full length, standing upright, monumental and immovable, is of its kind the most memorable work of the year. The gentleman's "tenantry" may easily mistake the picture for the landlord himself; the figure stands out bodily as a statue, or as a photograph seen in a stereoscope.

A portrait, considered as a picture, depends on treatment—that is, on the painter rather than upon the sitter. The ugliest men sometimes make the best portraits. Rembrandt could invest an ungainly figure with gloomy grandeur, Raffaele could give intellectual meaning to a squint. It is doubly fortunate, however, when nature and talent combine in sitter and painter to produce one and the same art result. Mr. Watts seldom troubles himself with men who have not made a mark upon the world, and celebrities usually bear in their heads some pictorial aptitude—certain traits or salient eccentricities worthy of analysis and synthesis. Mr. Watts, in "Mr. Millais, R.A." (172), and "Mr. Leighton, R.A." (177), exemplifies the principles on which he paints a portrait. He first reads the character, and then he determines how its leading traits may be rendered in pictorial breadth and unity. When the central idea, the ruling thought, is once fixed, then accessories or accidents are thrown out or made subordinate. It was by such generalization that the great masters preserved their portraits from the frivolity and distraction which are the bane of modern methods. Unfortunately the theory of Mr. Watts is better than his practice; he leaves off work before the work is done, his generalization is too broad, his details are scarcely sufficient to distinguish the individual from the species. No such shortcomings militate against Mr. Millais's rendering of "Mr. Grote" (165). Here the artist has worked upon precisely the same principle as his fellow-Academician; his management for breadth and mastery may be compared with that of Titian, his colour is Venetian, his execution is sufficient for the intention. These qualities give to the portrait of Mr. Grote the foremost position. Mr. Wells, than whom no one is better qualified to perpetuate the aspect of men of large intellect or strong physique, is falling into jaunty, free-and-easy attitudes. A sportsman straggling across a stile (86) will look strange a century hence. A portrait-painter, scarcely less than a portrait-sculptor, should be observant of dignity, and have an eye to posterity. The heads of three Academicians adorn the walls—namely, those of Mr. Knight, R.A., Mr. Millais, R.A., and Mr. Leighton, R.A. In accordance with a suggestion thrown out by the Lord Chancellor at the dinner, it might be well for the Academy to commence a series of autograph portraits of its members. In course of time the collection might grow nearly equal, at least in numbers, to that in Florence. The heads of artists, as a rule, are eminently picturesque, though autograph portraits such as those of Leonardo, Titian, and Michel Angelo, in Florence, are not of daily occurrence. Yet it is a little discouraging to the project to remember that the worst portrait in the Uffizii is that of the late Sir George Hayter, painted by himself.

Mr. Sant, R.A., the successor to Sir George Hayter as portrait-painter to the Queen, is in danger of being spoilt. His work is becoming flimsy; his figures, like the fluffy draperies of Mr. Buckner, are flaunting; his style is what may be termed fashionable; and thus his fame will prove ephemeral. Many painters have been led away from nature and true art by high patronage; Winterhalter should be a warning to M. Bauerle, Mr. Weigall, and Mr. Graves. Royal personages receive cruel treatment from portrait-painters; truth gives place to adulation; the effort to please ruins the picture. Still things have improved since the time of the Georges; it is some poor consolation to know that in our day nothing has been produced to equal King George IV. in Highland costume by Sir David Wilkie, or the same monarch delineated by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in royal robes, in which, in fact, he still appears in the Pope's palace of the Lateran.

People are apt to consider portraits dull; to us, on the contrary, they are eminently amusing. What, for example, can be more entertaining than the effigy of "W. H. Claburn, Esq." (468), as impaled by Mr. Sandys? This wooden image might serve as a painted figurehead to the war junk of some savage islanders. The face would scarcely need tattooing. Also, as falling within the

sphere of comic art, may be mentioned another barbaric grandee carved out as grandly as an Indian god, by Mr. Griffiths, an artist known to us by better work. We can scarcely tell whether to marvel most at the man himself or at the name by which henceforth he hopes to be known to the British public. With care we transcribe the titles in full, thus: "Maharajahdiraj Mirza Mahá Rao Shree Pragmalji, Bahadur of Kutch" (1147). After this, it is a relief to come nearer home and revert to something so familiar as the perennial smile of "Pius IX." (452). Mr. Healy was perhaps more fortunate two years ago in a subject, that of the Abbé Liszt. The portrait of Pius IX. is poor in style, and yet, to use a vulgar phrase, it is "as like as it can stare."

A concluding paragraph must suffice for the foreign pictures, which, with few exceptions, are not remarkable. It may be interesting to observe how the thorough training of German Academies tells in favour of English painters resident abroad. Miss Osborn sends from Munich a grand and somewhat idealized head, "Isolde" (37). The treatment is large and broad, the colour is forced up, yet kept down. The knowledge here brought to bear approaches in certainty to science. Like calculation is conspicuous in another product of the Munich school, "Lady Jane's Victory over Bishop Gardiner" (445), by Mr. Follingsby. This historic composition shows the system pursued by the disciples of Professor Piloti. In the first place, the subject is well chosen; in the second, the design, light, shade, and colour are wisely disposed, with the object of educing from the idea the utmost pictorial effect. The work contrasts with its surroundings in an English Academy by deep rich colour in half shadow, by balanced tone gained at the cost of brilliance, by a broad mastery of touch which seems indifferent to any detail that may not serve to enhance the collective result. From scholastic Munich to Scandinavia the transition is violent. Yet a plainly naturalistic scene, "The Grandparent's First Visit" (250), by M. Fagerlin, has the interest which never fails to attach to peasant life in Norway and Sweden when faithfully and lovingly delineated by artists who are themselves peasants, fishermen, or mechanics. The homely as well as the honest and hearty character of such compositions bespeaks their origin. Once more we point, just in passing, to the close fellowship subsisting between the art of Scandinavia and of Scotland. From Holland comes but one product of renown, "A Roman Emperor, A.D. 41," an example of the eccentric, hybrid manner made familiar by M. Tadema. We have nothing new to say or to learn of this pictorial archaeology, this mosaic picturework, this patchwork which changes the patterns as by the magic turn of a kaleidoscope. "The Vintage," exhibited elsewhere, is the masterwork of M. Tadema, an artist of perverse genius who has few equals in Europe. Poor France suffers even in exile. M. Edouard Frère is not what he once was, and M. Gérôme, as we have already said when criticizing "Cleopatra," degrades his talent by ignoble uses. "A Vendre" (1150) is offensive to good taste. A Nubian slave exposed for sale is a subject rendered doubly repulsive by its treatment; the colour, the execution, the composition, are alike disagreeable and faulty. Moreover, an insult is passed upon humanity. The American sculptor Mr. Power, in the "Greek Slave," awakened sympathy and respect. A lady standing before the marble said: "I would endure anything to rescue that woman." The statue was not particularly great in art, but it was pure, which M. Gérôme's work is not. We gladly turn away to a picture by M. Hébert, a pupil of Delaroche, and Director of the French Academy in Rome. "The Morning and the Evening of Life" (1157) has little in common with "Mal'aria" in the Luxembourg—a work which has long enjoyed European reputation. The artist is accustomed to solve delicate and difficult problems in half-lights and tertiary colours; he also seeks to elevate costume figures into a region of romance. The impersonation of "The Morning of Life" is noble; the figure has the fervent womanhood of the Roman peasant, she stands the embodiment of passion in the repose of a statue. In conclusion, we remark that the amiable overtures made to certain foreign artists have met with no adequate response. Six "Hon. Foreign Academicians" have been elected; one is present this year, one was present last year. Thus the Academy rightly remains at the service of our native painters; the space is certainly not more than sufficient to meet the increasing demands made by the rising talent of the country.

THE OAKS.

YEAR by year the race for the Oaks is dwindling away more and more into insignificance. The days are gone when a field of twenty used to contest the great filly race of the year; and, instead, we have now eight or nine starters, and a moiety of those very often of most moderate quality. Thus, despite the richness of the stake, the race is not unfrequently carried off without even the semblance of a struggle. Mares are so uncertain at this season of the year that the very best may have to succumb to a common plater; and the only thing, in our opinion, to restore the Oaks to its proper position as a test of three-year-old merit, and to give the best mares a fair chance of running up to their true form, is to postpone it to the autumn months, when mares are proverbially seen to the best advantage. It cannot be considered very satisfactory that for a race worth more than four thousand pounds, and for which one hundred and seventy-six fillies were entered, only nine should present themselves before the starter. And even that

statement hardly gives a correct idea of the poverty of the field; for out of those nine three were second-strings, Baron Rothschild, Mr. Chaplin, and Mr. Graham being all doubly represented. Thus only six owners cared to contest this great prize, and two out of the six might as well have paid forfeit instead of sending to the post animals like Hopbine and Headingley, despite the latter's successes of late in small races. In effect the race seemed, on public running, to be reduced to a match between Baron Rothschild with Hannah or Corisande, and Mr. Graham with Belle of Holywell. It is true that Noblesse and Pearl showed excellent form last year—Noblesse in particular, when running a dead heat with Bothwell for second place in the Criterion; but Mr. Naylor's mare has run wretchedly this season, and Pearl is not only mean and cobby looking, but also performed so badly in the Derby as to put her Oaks chance out of favour. Indeed, of the two we preferred Steppe, Mr. Chaplin's second string, who has always been placed in all her races. To save trouble we may remark that Lady Atholstone was the ninth runner, and she signally failed in her work, which was to make a pace for Belle of Holywell. The field being so small and so moderate, it may easily be believed that the attractions of the paddock were very inconsiderable. Indeed, the only three looked at were Belle of Holywell and Baron Rothschild's pair. The former has grown into a handsome, showy mare, but neither looks nor gallops as if gifted with staying powers. Hannah and Corisande, on the contrary, have little elegance about them, but there is a good honest wear-and-tear look about them, and they were in capital condition. There was not the slightest difficulty at the start, and the lot got away at the first attempt, the flag falling before they had scarcely reached the proper starting place. Lady Atholstone at once went to the front, and attempted to make the running, but half a mile was quite enough for her, and at the end of that distance she dropped rapidly into the rear. The pace was indeed wretchedly slow, so slow that it seems impossible to credit the official return of the Oaks time as being only one second longer than the Derby time, especially as the Oaks mares traversed quite fifty yards more than the Derby horses. Moreover, the Oaks winner was never once fairly extended. She positively cantered the whole way, and, good mare as Hannah is, we cannot quite believe that she can canter as fast as Favonius, Albert Victor, and King of the Forest can gallop. That time tests are utterly fallacious every one knows; and the principal reason is, we believe, that no real dependence can ever be placed on the accuracy of the times taken. Nothing, as we have said, could at any part of the race make Hannah gallop. She and Corisande lay in good positions, nearly side by side, till a few hundred yards from home, when Morris, seeing that Hannah had the race at her mercy, eased Corisande, Baron Rothschild having declared to win with the other. Hannah at the same moment drew clear away, and cantered past the winning post three lengths in front of Noblesse. Hopbine was third, and Corisande fourth; and it is unnecessary to indicate the positions held by the remainder, save that the vaunted Pearl was last of all. We think that any one who watched the race closely must have been satisfied that Baron Rothschild could have been second as well as first if he had chosen. Corisande was undoubtedly second best in the race, and could have won if anything had happened to Hannah. She was going well within herself opposite the Stand, and was only eased when Hannah's victory was no longer in doubt. Thus has one of the best sportsmen in England achieved the double triumph of Derby and Oaks with animals of his own breeding; and though the victory of Hannah did not evoke the enthusiasm caused by the success of Favonius, the reason was that the Oaks was regarded as a foregone conclusion, and we notice that people make a great deal more noise when the result of a race is a surprise than when it is exactly in harmony with their expectations.

The general racing of the week was not of a very high order, and with the exception of the Woodcote Stakes, the two-year-old events were not of great importance. Mr. Merry was not, according to his wont, represented in the Woodcote, and Cremorne enjoyed an easy triumph. There was only a small field of nine for this celebrated race, Landmark being Cremorne's most formidable opponent. Cremorne got all the worst of the start, but as a compensation the leaders ran out so wide at Tattenham Corner that he was enabled to make up his lost ground; and when once he was on equal terms with his field the race was over, for he came away as he liked and won in a canter. This is a most decisive assertion of the superiority of Cremorne to all the two-year-olds that have yet run, though perhaps Hermitage would have made a better struggle with Mr. Savile's horse than Landmark was able to effect. Cremorne's two-year-old engagements are very heavy, though he is not entered in the Middle Park Plate. In consequence of the victories of Cremorne and Favonius, the fee of their sire, Parmesan, has been raised. Mr. Merry was singularly unlucky with his two-year-olds at Epsom, though the Masquerade fully sustained her Chester reputation, and carried off the Stanley Stakes in a canter. The other noticeable events of the week were the return of Sornette and Hawthornden to their form of last year; the former winning the Trial Stakes and the Queen's Plate—though she only beat Manille in the first by a short head, and secured the second after a dead heat with Inquisition—and the latter beating Lictor, to whom he was conceding two years and 10 lbs., and six others, in the High Level Handicap. The mention of this race reminds us that next year the Derby and Oaks are advertised to be run over a new course, starting at the New High Level Starting Post.

Mr. Hughes's objections to the adjournment of the House of Commons on the Derby day do not appear to us to deserve the angry feeling with which they have been received by the sporting press. In saying that the character of the Derby day is entirely changed, we believe that Mr. Hughes was perfectly right. Despite the facilities afforded by two lines of railway, facilities of which old Derby goes had not the benefit, more and more people every year come to the conclusion that the Derby is a festival to be avoided, not to be observed, and that it is better to remain at home and receive their telegram half an hour after the horse they have backed has lost than encounter the dust, the mobbing, and the hustling on Epsom Downs, for the sake of a race which is really and truly only a shadow of its former self. The Derby was once by far the greatest and most exciting race of the year. It is not so now. The Leger is infinitely superior; and so, in our opinion, are the Two Thousand and the Middle Park Plate. The Derby day may still be a great holiday for Londoners, and the crowd, thanks to cheap trains, which will always find plenty of customers, no matter how great or how little the attraction provided, may still be as vast as ever; but we cannot understand that the holiday will be taken away or the crowd diminished because the House of Commons happens to be sitting. As far as the upper classes are concerned, Epsom is almost entirely deserted by them in favour of Ascot; yet we have never heard any proposal that the House of Commons should suspend its sittings in the Ascot week. Moreover, the ordinary Wednesday business of the House is not so engrossing as to prevent such members as still find a pleasure in the Derby day from gratifying their taste. The large majority, who care no more for Epsom than for Hampton, can be allowed to fulfil their public duties, while the Londoners may continue in undisputed possession of their tumultuous holiday, of which no one wishes to deprive them. Mr. Hughes's proposition excites anger because it points to an indisputable fact which interested parties are very desirous to conceal—namely, that, from a racing point of view, the Epsom meeting is going down hill very rapidly.

REVIEWS.

SOCIAL REFORM IN FRANCE.*

IT is natural to ask, with regard to the almost unexampled spectacle presented by the French nation during the last four months, whether this strange and melancholy breakdown of a great people, a people of the highest intelligence and spirit, in the midst of a career of singular material prosperity, had been in any way foreseen and foretold. We do not mean in the vague way in which moralists and preachers point their denunciations and warnings with predictions—definite in form, but in substance not much more than the outbursts of passion, indignation, or fear—as to the miseries in which the vices they assail are sure to end. These forebodings are a perfectly legitimate weapon of the oratory of righteous wrath or of distressed alarm at the extent and security of social corruption. But they are not what we refer to. What we mean is, whether the causes of the sudden downfall of one of the first nations of the world were detected and distinctly pointed out, while they were still latent under a disguise of strength and success, by calm and keen eyes, which not only fancied, but were able to feel sure of what they saw; and whether forecasts of danger were supported by scientific reasonings, deducing conclusions from a strict examination and comparison of facts. With so inquisitive and active-minded a people as the French, it would be curious if the working of those causes which have at last so terribly revealed themselves had escaped notice and attracted no inquiry. And yet, on the other hand, there are things which whole nations, with all their boldness and power of mind, do hide from themselves; and it is the less strange that disagreeable truths should be unheeded when they seem to be contradicted by the daily evidence of the visible facts which they are supposed to traverse. A year ago, whatever misfortunes might have been feared for France, a man would have seemed not merely venturesome in his guesses, but an idle and random dreamer, who had imagined the possibility of the particular kind of misfortunes which have fallen on her. And this makes it of more interest to inquire whether any one in France had really gauged the mischief, and seriously announced, not from the pulpit or the tribune, or in the columns of the journal, but with the quiet and unexaggerated language of philosophical observation, based on verified facts and a careful use of them, the nature of that general decay and failure of strength in French society which in the hour of trial has brought not trouble merely, but helplessness and ruin, and made France suffer as not even the bitterest of her haters could have expected to see her suffer.

It is not unlikely that when the time comes for the search a good deal will be found, not merely of Cassandra-like vaticination, but of sober and accurate prognosis of the deep and fatal maladies of France. Meanwhile we may recall attention to one work which in a considerable measure answers to what we have been asking for. M. Le Play's book on Social Reform in France was published in 1864, and attracted at the time a good deal of notice. It was, we believe, *couronné* by the Institute, and it was read with interest, in spite of its somewhat pedantic and prolix manner, in England. It is the work of a man of scientific education and pursuits, trained in scientific methods and confident of their value; and of a man

* *La Réforme sociale en France.* Par M. E. Le Play. 2 vols. Paris: 1864.

who had travelled very extensively and with a distinct purpose—the purpose of observing and comparing the ideas, the characters, and the usages of the working classes in different countries. Indefatigably laborious and highly methodical, he has collected a mass of curious materials relating to the various forms of employment, and to the conditions, the ways and the effects of each, which is of great value and interest, whatever we may think of his own use of it. And with his knowledge of other nations enlarged and deepened by actual contact and by study on the spot, guided by a definite purpose, he turned his attention to the condition of society in France, and to a more accurate discrimination of the phenomena which it presented to the eye of an observer who, with the check of a special and definite business, had accustomed himself to the life and thoughts of other nations, and had taken more than common pains to cross-question his natural assumptions and prejudices and to see what he saw fairly and comprehensively. M. Le Play describes, in a way which recalls and is no doubt copied from Descartes, the steady resolution with which he set to work to unclasp his mind of all the prepossessions which were merely inherited or which he had contracted from the society round him, and his methodical efforts to subject to a rigid testing the maxims, political and social, which he found ruling opinions and usage in France, and often protecting an empty dogmatism as uninquiring and as arrogant as any other. The result of his long and careful study of French society was grave dissatisfaction at its state—dissatisfaction for which the grounds were clearly and definitely given—and serious anxiety for its prospects. Utterly incredulous of the value of the abstract theories or the heroic remedies which French opinion is so prone to trust, he could see no hope of healing but in a long, slow, deep moral recovery—a process for which, besides other things, time was indispensable, while it must be equally obvious that time might just as well be working, not for, but strongly against, it.

We are not about to review M. Le Play's book. We direct attention to it merely as an historical document throwing some partial light on the great social phenomenon of the day. The phenomenon is that of a great people, who but yesterday were at the height of commanding power and of a brilliant and vigorous civilization, plunged on a sudden into anarchy and helpless chaos—without government, without defence against foreign invasion, without power to use their enormous strength and their military aptitudes, without power to collect and preserve what was left to them after their disasters, without power to avoid rushing from the ruin of a foreign war into the more dreadful ruin of a civil war, without visible hope of remedy. It is not wealth that has failed them; nothing has more clearly revealed the immense resources of France than the way in which money, and whatever money could provide, has been forthcoming at every stage of the war. It is not brave men and keen, inventive, organizing intellects that they have wanted; temper and faculties of all kinds have been strung to the highest pitch. And yet the history of France since last summer has been such a tale of unbroken and portentous misfortune as it would be difficult to match.

In 1864, at a moment of great prosperity, and when no one dreamed of danger, M. Le Play undertook to point out to Frenchmen in the most elaborate way the perils to which French society seemed to be exposed. They were not perils of the kind which the enemies of the Imperial system dwelt on. M. Le Play was, if not an Imperialist, a public servant of the Empire, and he has little to say about the special party quarrels of French politicians. The evils on which he lays stress are maladies of character, material and individual; and vicious ideas and customs governing society, both high and low, deteriorating its spirit and weakening its faculties and forces:—

On peut [he says] écrire aujourd'hui sur la France deux livres également vrais, et qui sembleraient, au premier aperçu, conduire à des conclusions opposées. L'un décrirait les mœurs et les institutions par lesquelles notre nation l'emporte sur les autres, et expliquerait pourquoi, malgré tant de revers et tant d'épreuves, elle a jusqu'à présent conservé en Europe une situation éminente. L'autre livre, énumérant, au contraire, les vices de notre constitution sociale, ferait comprendre comment ces causes de supériorité sont paralysées par les révolutions, qui ont pris, en quelque sorte, un caractère périodique.

Il importe de considérer la France au premier point de vue, dans les circonstances critiques où elle a surtout besoin de prendre confiance en elle-même: il est plus utile encore de l'envisager au point de vue opposé, quand reviennent, comme aujourd'hui, le calme et la sécurité. En signalant les maux dont nous souffrons, les bons citoyens doivent alors réagir contre une imprudente quiétude et arrêter le pays sur la pente où il glisse depuis deux siècles: c'est le but que je me suis proposé en publiant cet ouvrage.

And he points out, as proofs that there is this deep and perilous disease in French society, two things—evils which no mere changes of government or violent revolutions could get rid of, and which nothing can cure except a slow, continuous, profound improvement of character, of standard, and of usage in the social body itself. These evils, he says, began to show themselves first under the Valois kings; they never were so intense as they are at present; and they are evils which other nations have succeeded in getting rid of:—

Le vice le plus redoutable, parce qu'il est le précurseur habituel de la ruine des empires, est l'antagonisme qui divise notre société en plusieurs camps ennemis. La lutte que je signale n'est pas celle qui s'est souvent élevée, pour des questions personnelles ou des principes accessoires, entre de grandes individualités ou certaines classes dirigeantes se disputant l'influence ou le pouvoir; elle existe dans les moindres subdivisions du corps social, dans la commune, dans l'atelier, et dans la famille. Le mal consiste surtout en ce que les classes supérieures, au lieu de se concerter pour conduire la société dans la meilleure voie, se neutralisent mutuellement, en prétendant faire prévaloir par la force des principes contraires, au risque d'ébranler l'ordre public.

This fierce antagonism, he says, prevails both in private and public life. It makes men stand aloof from doing service to the public, even in their private capacity, because the Government has not their approval. "This last temper," he adds, "carries in it the germ of great dangers; if it were to extend itself, it would end in destroying that national spirit which we owe to our fathers, and which is our most precious inheritance."

Le second vice dont nous souffrons [he goes on] est l'instabilité, symptôme encore plus apparent de la maladie des nations. Cette instabilité offre un caractère d'autant plus dangereux, qu'elle s'est incessamment développée chez nous pendant les deux derniers siècles, précisément depuis l'époque où, chez les Anglais nos principaux émules, les situations privées et les pouvoirs publics deviennent, à chaque nouvelle génération, plus fermes et plus stables. . . . Les Français ne savent plus repousser les abus par la force de la tradition ni s'y soustraire par d'intelligentes réformes. Dans leur attitude devant l'autorité, ils ne connaissent pour ainsi dire de milieu entre la soumission passive et la révolte. Ils ont rejeté les anciennes habitudes de respect et d'indépendance, dont s'honorent plus que jamais leurs rivaux; et ils semblent avoir perdu toute initiative en détruisant les vieilles mœurs que ces derniers conservent avec tant de prédilection. C'est en vain qu'ils cherchent à fonder sur les ruines du passé un régime qui rallie les hommes de bien: chaque constitution nouvelle soulève invariablement les mêmes haines et les mêmes attaques: et tous ces efforts ont abouti à changer violemment, dix fois depuis trois quarts de siècle, le principe de la constitution ou le personnel du gouvernement. Cet antagonisme et cette instabilité désorganisent sans relâche les existences privées et les pouvoirs publics. Ces deux défauts sont donc des causes permanentes d'affaiblissement, et ils suffiraient seuls pour démontrer l'urgence de la réforme.

These mischiefs are not, M. Le Play thinks, attributable simply to forms of government or faulty constitutions; they have deeper roots in the moral character and principles of a nation; and these less visible but more powerful and permanent causes he proceeds to investigate, by a close survey of facts, and by a comparison of French society with the social conditions and usages of other nations more settled and regular in their movement, if not stronger than France—England, the United States, and Russia. He wishes to substitute, for the antagonist theories which date from 1789, "common opinions based on the methodical observation of social facts." He asks those who want new revolutions, and those who think no reforms necessary, to compare with their preconceived ideas the actual facts as they present themselves to one who cares to inquire and is willing to face these facts. He examines with great independence and bold good sense a number of the current maxims and doctrines by which he thinks that Frenchmen blind themselves to the truth of the dangers round them; those idols of the market-place of which the world was never more full than it is at present. One is the assumption that the progress of science and of industry necessarily reacts favourably on the moral progress of a nation, or, as too many not in France only are tempted to think, make up for a moral decline:—

Lorsqu'on étudie la vie de ces hommes utiles qui s'élèvent journalièrement des derniers rangs de la société au milieu des classes supérieures, on constate presque toujours que leurs succès sont dus à l'énergie toute morale qui triomphe des passions et des fatigues du travail, encore plus qu'à la connaissance des lois scientifiques et des meilleures méthodes de production. On trouve également que la décadence de ceux qui traversent la vie en sens inverse résulte moins de l'ignorance des vérités de la science et de l'art que de l'oubli des lois morales et de l'invasion des vices développés au sein de l'oisiveté et de la richesse.

And, himself a scientific man, and with scientific work for his business—science applied on a large scale to great industrial operations—he enters his caution against assuming that science necessarily and of itself enlarges or deepens thought in that other great department of human nature, the side of character and moral perfection:—

Les sciences physiques qui révèlent tant de vérités, et auxquelles j'ai emprunté la méthode que j'applique à la science sociale, ne sont point complètement fécondes dans une société qui perd le sentiment de l'ordre moral. Les savants n'y peuvent exceller aujourd'hui qu'en se renfermant dans une spécialité restreinte. Il se produit en conséquence, dans l'emploi de leurs facultés, un phénomène analogue à celui qui résulte, pour les artisans, de l'extrême division du travail manufacturier. L'homme se rapetisse sous certains rapports, à mesure que le savant grandit, surtout si une préoccupation soutenue pour les vérités morales ne conserve pas une certaine ampleur à son esprit.

Another set of "idols of the market-place" against which M. Le Play protests energetically are the historical traditions and generalizations which rule opinion in France. He insists especially on two, which have done much to separate France from its past—the exaggerated and sweeping statements which pass current, of the hostility and alienation between classes, the privileged and the unprivileged, before the Revolution; and the prejudice, that because the Revolution destroyed, as it did, many gross abuses, it did so in a wise and statesmanlike manner, and that it is the point at which all true political principles begin, and from which all improvement ought to take its standard. "Le seul moyen," he says, "de glorifier définitivement la révolution de 1789 est de la terminer."

He then proceeds to his comparative survey of the facts of the condition of French society under certain leading divisions—Religion, Property, the Family, Labour, Association, the Poor, Government; contrasting them with facts of the same order as he has observed them in nations less sharply and irreconcilably divided, and less subject to violent changes, than France. As we have said, we are not going to follow him through his investigations. His book is now one of some standing; and though we have never felt ourselves precluded from examining a work merely because it was not new, we have noticed M. Le Play's volumes now from the special interest given to his speculations by the deplorable events in France which have astonished and shocked the world.

For these events are absolutely what might have been expected to result from the weakening of social forces, and from the decline of tone and strength in the component parts of society, which he describes. It might have been objected to his pictures and estimates, when they first appeared, that if they were accurate they implied such loosening and enfeebling processes going on through the whole framework of society, such growing impotence to take their due place and such failure to fulfil their natural duties in the more elevated and cultivated classes, such reckless and universal self-will and decay of public spirit, such exaggeration and onesidedness of opinions combined with such want of that homely sobriety which accompanies real seriousness, that the nation could not stand a shock and was actually on the edge of anarchy; and yet France, it might have been truly said, never was prouder, or more powerful, or more industrious and prosperous. We should have felt something of this kind if we had been studying his book seven years ago. We should have thought that, though the author had put his finger with just discrimination on many of the sore places and serious weaknesses of France, which might in the long run issue in mischief—matters relating to marriage, to the forced subdivision of inheritances, to education, to the ideas about labour—yet he must have overlooked or misunderstood the counterbalancing influences which kept France strong and vigorous, and that in spite of the obvious vices of her government. But even from M. Le Play's criticisms and warnings no one could have augured the extent of what has happened, though the things which have happened are just what are traceable to such evils as those on which he dwells. Special causes may partly account for the unexampled reverses of a campaign in which a great military nation, not taken by surprise, long warned, long prepared, of the highest temper and vast experience in war, has not won a single success even in the way of defensive fighting, except against Frenchmen. But beyond the disasters of the field were the utter overthrow of reason and hope, the utter loss of self-possession and calm, steady sense, which followed on these disasters throughout France. Exaggeration of feeling, of phrase, and of measures there was in abundance, but neither counsel nor resource nor confidence. All was weak which was not feverish or extravagant. The power of facing the true state of facts, the very elementary notion of veracity, seemed lost, and that in a people keenly alive to reality, and not afraid of it, when not spell-bound by their passions. No one could help, no one could attract; no one could form a centre of real power, and make his distracted fellows believe or trust him. It was such a state of things as belongs to a society in which the sense of duty, real seriousness, real love of truth, modesty, unselfishness, self-restraint, just care for others, forethought, had been deeply and unconsciously impaired; in which the fibre of character had insensibly degenerated; in which men had become so unaccustomed to live except for themselves that they could not understand the necessity of acting and suffering together. It was in view of these dangers that this writer, long before the catastrophe came, conjured his countrymen to turn their minds to the thought, not of altered political institutions, but of the more difficult and obscure business of a thorough and unprejudiced moral reform.

MY STUDY WINDOWS.*

MY STUDY WINDOWS is the name given by Mr. Lowell to a collection of essays of a rather miscellaneous character. Literary criticism fills the largest part of the book, but it includes some pages of pure description, an essay devoted to the character of Mr. Lincoln, and an amusing discussion of the troublesome questions raised by the social contact between Americans and foreigners. There is, however, a certain uniformity of style running through the different chapters; they all reproduce, as the title indicates, glimpses of things in general, caught from the study of a professor in the American Cambridge; and perhaps we shall therefore criticize them best by introducing ourselves in imagination to the intellectual workshop of the author. Judging from the essay just noticed, which is entitled "On a certain Condescension in Foreigners," we may be inclined to doubt whether our presence will be altogether welcome. Mr. Lowell is evidently a sufferer from that irritation which is too often produced—we need not ask by whose fault—when inhabitants of the New and Old Worlds come into contact. He has groaned under the rambling German, who first proposed to extract a certain number of dollars from his pocket on the ground of the general merits of the Teutonic races, and, on the refusal of his modest request, favoured Mr. Lowell with a lecture on the inherent baseness and money-getting propensities of Americans in general; he has been equally tormented by visitors of a higher rank, who assumed as an obvious truth that his countrymen were irretrievably vulgar; and he seems to be half inclined to shut his doors in the face of all future wanderers from this side of the water. Yet Mr. Lowell speaks so kindly of certain fortunate exceptions to this general rule, and admits so frankly that his countrymen deserve a considerable share of the blame for this unlucky incongruity, that we shall take courage and venture, by the help of this and some of his previously published works, to pay him a visit in imagination. We will endeavour not to annoy his sensitive patriotism by any ill-timed condescension, and not to intrude unjustifiably upon his

privacy. We have, to say the truth, so very distinct a picture of his literary character that we feel tolerably at home with him; and though we cannot conceal that we have the misfortune of a purely English origin, we venture to meet him on common ground in so far as he is a distinguished contributor to the literature of the English-speaking races.

Mr. Lowell is, indeed, primarily and conspicuously a New Englander of the purest type. He has of course got far beyond the narrow circle of ideas of his Puritan forefathers; but their blood still runs in his veins; he shows their peculiar stamp of intellect; and, as the *Biglow Papers* bear witness, can use their dialect with unrivalled force and precision. Accordingly we look out from his windows upon a genuine New England garden, far from rivalling the trim lawns and flower-beds of its old English rivals, but faintly recalling some breaths of the primeval forest against which the Pilgrim fathers waged relentless war. He describes for us in the first of the essays the birds who frequent his groves; the catbird builds in a gigantic syringa, and has a perpetual difficulty with a pair of summer yellow-birds in a neighbouring lilac; orioles and humming-birds inhabit his elms; bobolinks do what they can to rival European nightingales, and, in some respects, so Mr. Lowell patriotically declares, to surpass them; the whippoorwills have disappeared; but a few herons and kingfishers still linger in spite of the rapid advances of an American city. On these and other visitants Mr. Lowell discourses with an enthusiasm which reminds us of White of Selborne, whom he quotes with due appreciation at starting. With that amiable naturalist, indeed, Mr. Lowell has many points of sympathy:—

No rumour of the revolt of the American colonists [he says] seems to have reached Mr. White. "The natural turn of a hog's life" has more interest for him than that of an empire. Burgoyne may surrender and welcome; of what consequence is that compared with the fact that we can explain the odd tumbling of rooks in the air by their turning over "to scratch themselves with one claw?" All the couriers in Europe spurring rowl-deep make no stir in Mr. White's little Chartreuse; but the arrival of the house-martin a day earlier or later than last year is a piece of news worth sending express to all his correspondents.

Mr. Lowell does not, indeed, rise to this glorious level of indifference; his speculations on catbirds certainly did not blind him to the battles of Bull Run or Gettysburg; but though he has taken his share in the great movements of his time, we may venture to trace a certain vein of similar sentiment. He speaks with the contempt which is natural to an honourable and cultivated American of the dirtier part of American political machinery; his patriotism is sufficiently genuine to intensify instead of deadening his perception of the evils of lobbying and log-rolling and the scandalous corruption of the professional politicians of his country; he can point out with sufficient sharpness and severity that a democracy cannot afford to dispense with common honesty, or to allow the management of complex political questions to be handed over to fools and knaves; he sees the essential vulgarity of much of the ordinary American brag, and remarks pathetically that "the inventor of the sewing-machine, even with the button-holing improvement," cannot match satisfactorily with Dante, Galileo, Michael Angelo, and Machiavelli. He consoles himself in the belief that his countrymen will gradually shake off the disgraceful incrustations which at present hamper the full development of their powers. But we venture to fancy that he has also at times a consolation more in the spirit of Mr. White. He sometimes refreshes himself, after a dose of popular politics, by a conversation with a bobolink or a catbird; and, more often, he turns to those literary pursuits in which his soul most delights. His study, if we may draw any inference from this volume, must be well provided with good old-fashioned books, whose life extends back far beyond the date of American Independence. His shelves, we should imagine, are crowded with thumbed and tattered pages in musty bindings.

Such a volume [he says, in describing some of his favourites] is sacred to us. But it must be the original founding of the bookstall, the engraved emblazon of some extinct baronetcy within its cover, its leaves enshrining memorial flowers of some passion which the churchyard smothered whilst the Stuarts were yet unkinged, suggestive of the trail of laced ruffles, burnt here and there with ashes from the pipe of some dozing poet, its binding worn and weatherstained, that has felt the inquisitive finger, perhaps, of Malone, or thrilled to the touch of Lamb, doubtful between desire and the odd sixpence.

The bobolink, we suspect, will often charm in vain outside the study windows, whilst Mr. Lowell once more solaces himself by poring over the pages of one of the volumes thus pathetically described.

We may venture to add, on the strength of certain poems in his *Under the Willows*, that the book is studied by the blaze of a hickory fire and receives an additional perfume from the incense offered to the nymph, Nicotia, "dearer to the muse," so Mr. Lowell assures us, "than all the grape's bewildering juice." He takes sanctuary from the surrounding turmoil of American life by the help of his old English author. If he has not quite the same interest as White of Selborne in the habits of tortoises and brown owls, he is equally absorbed at times in the pursuit of a different kind of hobby. To trace back an expression which Englishmen vainly deride as a Yankeeism to some sound author in the reign of Elizabeth affords him matter of triumph for a week. We sometimes fancy, indeed, that Mr. Lowell may fairly make the boast which we sometimes hear from the mouths of his countrymen, that he is a better representative than most Englishmen of our common ancestors. Not only is he

* *My Study Windows*. By James Russell Lowell. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1871.

thoroughly familiar with the writers, and especially with the poets, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but he shows a certain congeniality of style and sentiment. His serious poetry, which is scarcely as well known in England as it deserves, frequently reminds us of Marvell; and the quiet humour which pervades much of his writing has evidently been nourished—though it has an original flavour of its own—by the study of such writers as Fuller and Sir Thomas Browne. We have heard, till we are slightly tired of the remark, that Englishmen and Americans have a common right of property in Shakspeare; but Mr. Lowell is one of the few cases in which the claim of relationship rests not merely on genealogical facts, but on certain unmistakable intellectual affinities. The essay in which this peculiarity appears most distinctly, though it more or less pervades the whole volume, is that on Chaucer, of whom Mr. Lowell discourses with equal knowledge and enthusiasm. The essay is well worth reading, as indeed poetical criticism written by a poet has generally some special interest. As we descend the stream of English literature, we find the sympathy becoming a little less perfect. Two essays, for example, are devoted to Pope and to Mr. Swinburne's tragedies. To Pope Mr. Lowell does justice, though we cannot help fancying that it is a little against the grain. He has a much higher opinion of Pope than his last editor, Mr. Elwin; but he scarcely speaks sympathetically or warmly. Pope is too much in the French taste for Mr. Lowell's thorough old English (we insert the epithet to save Mr. Lowell's feelings) tendencies. The essay on Mr. Swinburne is calm and judicious, but it refers chiefly to *Atalanta in Calydon*, and to certain theoretical questions suggested by it, having been apparently written before Mr. Swinburne's recent publications. Mr. Lowell, however, remarks explicitly in this essay, that poetry in England is just now in a rather bad way; it is passing, he thinks, or has already passed, "into one of those periods of mere art without any intense convictions to back it, which lead inevitably, and by no long gradation, to the mannered and artificial." And here we are reminded that after all Mr. Lowell is a thorough American; though he comes from a pure English stock, he and we are somehow on diverging paths. We do not mean to say that the opinion just noticed is in any sense unfair, or even that it is incorrect. There is something probably to be said on both sides, and Mr. Lowell expresses himself dispassionately and moderately. Only we are sensible that he is looking at modern English literature rather from the outside, and does not judge of our idols precisely by our standard. From the study windows we must suppose that a distant view may be caught of Lexington or Bunker's Hill, and we know that Washington's elm cannot be very far removed. Mr. Lowell is one of those Americans who are anxious to see their countrymen intellectually as well as politically independent, though he does not propose, as some of their stump-orators seem to desire, the invention of a new language, a new logic, and a change in the rules of arithmetic. We merely mean to say that his point of view is altered, and that he is looking at us from the opposite side of the Atlantic. The more independent the judgment the better it is worth reading, so long as it shows no marks of antipathy and prejudice. We have no complaints to make of Mr. Lowell in these respects, who certainly shows a strict impartiality, and administers, with one exception, as severe a punishment to his countrymen as to ourselves. The exception to which we refer is in the essay on Carlyle. Mr. Lowell does justice indeed to the admirable powers of a writer whom both as a poet and a humourist he is excellently qualified to appreciate; but he speaks in our opinion rather too severely, though certainly not so severely as many English writers, of Mr. Carlyle's supposed cynicism and worship of brute force. We should not be surprised at such a verdict from an American, and especially from a strong Abolitionist; and yet Mr. Lowell has such special capacity for doing fuller justice to Mr. Carlyle's merits, that we were rather disappointed by his candid but, as it seems to us, rather grudging praises. We feel this the more in comparison with the very lavish admiration bestowed upon Mr. Emerson, which we do not feel disposed to criticize because it evidently springs from warm personal affection, but which certainly seems to us rather out of proportion. With these exceptions, however, if they be exceptions, the essays are in every way excellent; terse and humorous in style, full of acute remark and fine appreciation, and bearing everywhere the marks of a thorough literary cultivation. Mr. Lowell's study must be one of the pleasantest rooms in Cambridge, and we shall be very glad to see the result of further researches in the same place.

HISTORICAL SCRAPS.*

WE have copied the names of three of the mass of small productions, in pamphlet shape, which ever and anon gather upon our table. The most able-bodied critic could hardly undertake to deal with all of them singly; yet we cannot afford wholly to pass them by. We have bent our shoulders to the great

* *The Norman Conquest; or the Land Question regarded from an Historical Standpoint.* By W. Trapnell Deverell. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The Pilgrims and the Anglican Church. By W. Trapnell Deverell. London: Printed by Watson & Hazell. 1871.

Part I. Classical and Pre-Historic Influences upon British History: our Philanthropy from of Old, our ever-struggling Past, and our Future. By Saxe Bannister, M.A. Second Edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1871.

undertaking of testing the state of the public mind, and finding out how far and by what degrees the results of real scholarship come to bear on the minds of ordinary readers. And to this end a pamphlet may often be more useful than a quarto. One indeed of the compositions of our list, that of Mr. Bannister, unites the nature of pamphlet and quarto. It contains but thirty-seven pages, and it is sold for no greater price than one shilling, but its shape is the genuine foursquare, and, as it is only Part I., it may some day develop into a thickness in proportion to its superficial area. Of the three pamphlets themselves this of Mr. Bannister's is the most mysterious, that of Mr. Deverell on the Pilgrim Fathers is the least so, and that of Mr. Deverell on the Norman Conquest would seem to be the one which is most valued by its author. We at least infer as much from the fact that two separate copies of it have reached us, on the strength of which jog to our memory we have taken our pen in hand. We like, however, to do things decently and in order, and as Mr. Bannister's subject carries us back some centuries before the earlier of Mr. Deverell's two discourses, we will begin with what we have to say about him.

Mr. Bannister, we learn from his title-page and cover, was "formerly Attorney-General of New South Wales," and he is also the editor of a book which we reviewed a little time back—that curious treatise by Thomas Sheridan, if it was Thomas Sheridan, the matter of which had such a singularly slight connexion with the title-page of its editor. What Mr. Bannister's object is we have tried in vain to make out. The title-page is grand but vague. The preface—forn, unlike most people, we always carefully study prefaces—is also grand but vague. Mr. Bannister attempts to show "that not only the true interest of our people, as well as the prime duty of public men, lies in a policy of peace towards all with whom we have friendly relations, but that strong tendencies to such a policy may be distinctly traced among us from the remotest ages." We have read this over several times. It is like a bit of a sermon or of a speech by Mr. Disraeli. It sounds as if it ought to mean something; we believe that, if it were delivered with proper emphasis after dinner, it would be thought to mean something; but, when we look at it alone and fasting, it is not easy to see what it does mean. Surely the most warlike nations, those who have friendly relations with the smallest number of other nations, do still follow a policy of peace towards those with whom they have friendly relations. Then Mr. Bannister goes on:—

Wide-spread and long-enduring violences and conquests have also unquestionably, on the part of every race, fatally disturbed the reign of peace in these islands. The prevalence of such evil influences being readily admitted, it may be nevertheless maintained that the love of our fellow-men—that is to say, *philanthropy*—has been in a large degree characteristic of us, time out of mind.

We are rejoiced to hear that "we" have maintained this amiable characteristic for so long a time; our only difficulty is to know who "we" are. Our eagerness to believe that it is we ourselves—be it "we" of the *Saturday Review* or "we" of the English nation—who have been so long and so honourably distinguished is further kindled when we read of an "earliest period," which earliest period had "certain good objects," which good objects "resisted absolute decay with marvellous tenacity." We get a little more light when we are told that

Those objects are even believed to be germs of what now by almost universal assent belong to all progress—namely, union, legal guards of order, freedom, and popular teaching.

Mr. Bannister's views on these matters are described by himself as a "sanguine view of our more ancient traditions and history." It is an "obscure theory, as it must still be called." Yet it "has high support." "Sir John Fortescue, Lambard, Edmund Bolton, and Selden, with Sheringham and Bulstrode Whitlocke, maintained it in our classical days of historical antiquarianism—distinguishing, without difficulty, mediæval fable from the golden thread of historical truth, which they accepted as a safe guide through a labyrinth of error." We do not know whether Mr. Bannister looks on Fortescue and Selden as contemporary writers, but anyhow it was a notable feat in Sir John Fortescue, whom some might look on as himself a mediæval writer, to distinguish without difficulty mediæval fable from the golden thread of historical truth. We had vague remembrances of some sayings of Sir John Fortescue about Brute the Trojan, which seemed to show that his mind had not so completely got the better of mediæval fables as Mr. Bannister seemed to think. Well, Mr. Bannister goes on to say that Fortescue and Selden and the rest, the champions of the sanguine view (or obscure theory) about philanthropy and a policy of peace from the earliest times, "still have formidable opponents." And he adds, "In this grave controversy reposes the real political state of these islands in the earliest ages." We were curious to know who these formidable opponents might be, and whether we should find among them any of the chief historical scholars of our own day; but on looking on a little way the only opponent whom we find spoken of is Mr. Darwin, whose researches do not seem, by the light of nature, to prove much either for or against theories about philanthropy and the policy of peace. However, Mr. Bannister "appeals with confidence against Mr. Darwin's incomplete researches into the essential character of man;" and the court above to which he appeals seems to consist of "Cymbeline—delightful Cymbeline," "King Lear and the pure Celtic heroine Cordelia." By their help, it seems, "the genuine history of antique Britain refutes Mr. Darwin's theory about 'man's lowly origin.'" These things are beyond us. We better understood the statement that "the British tongue

vived in Bede's time along with the Latin and Anglo-Saxon," though, as the British tongue survives still, this did not strike us as any very remarkable discovery. The solid thing in the preface is when we read that the sanguine view is "examined in the chapters of this volume, closing with the withdrawal of the Roman Imperial authorities from Britain in the fifth century." We do not know whether this means the chapters which we have now before us or some chapters which are to come. We have here nine chapters which bring us to the "End," and which, beside the abandonment of Britain by the Romans, go on to talk about the "decline of Holland" and "the abandonment of a vast South African portion by our Colonial Office," and how "in 1834 the very ablest of our modern colonial officers, the late Sir Andries Stockenström, resolved for the Secretary of State, the late Lord Monteagle, the perplexing problem of colonial extension." But we suppose there is something more to come, for, after the End, we come to twelve "Heads of the Appendix, Part VI." which we certainly have not seen yet, and some of which are very tempting, especially "No. 2, the Ducroq MS. in the Public Library at Boulogne on Philanthropists in Belgium, B.C. 100." Of these early Belgian philanthropists we should certainly like to know something, and we therefore trust that we may some day or other get a sight of the Appendix, Part VI.

Of Mr. Bannister we have no more to say, except that his name of Saxe certainly did not prepare us for the strong British enthusiasm which he displays, and that, while he seems to believe in Orpheus and the Argonauts, and to be not at all clear that they did not reach Britain, he is not so far carried away by admiration for "that extraordinary maritime event" as to gloss over anything savouring of moral turpitude in the doings of its leader. "Jason's treatment of Medea has been well denounced." This is a reference to Mrs. Jameson.

We now turn from Mr. Bannister to Mr. Deverell, who in the title-page of the *Pilgrims and the Anglican Church* appears as "Author of 'The Norman Conquest,' &c.," and on the title-page of the *Norman Conquest* appears as "Author of 'Ireland under James II. and Victoria.'" Ireland under James II. and Victoria is unluckily not before us. The *Norman Conquest* is, and what first strikes us is how very little there is on the subject suggested by the alternative title, "The Land Question regarded from an Historical Standpoint." Indeed we do not exactly see what, in Mr. Deverell's view, the "Land Question" is. He tells us that ever since the Norman Conquest we have been governed by a Norman aristocracy, whose power has only once been broken, namely "when Cromwell seized the reins of government and ruled this country with glory and rectitude." Yet he does not look on the Normans as at all a bad element in us, but rather as having given us, with a little help from Danes and Welshmen, all that is good in us, while "from the Anglo-Saxon element of our race we undoubtedly inherit the worst vices of our national character, unreasoning obstinacy and sullen brutality." What Mr. Deverell chiefly declaims against are German Kings, "the pettiest and socially speaking the most contemptible of foreign princelets." Mr. Deverell is anxious that "the Reformed Parliament—the first of the People's Parliaments," should "repeal the 'Royal Marriage Act' and so sweep away the German princes, with other abuses." We have no more love for the Royal Marriage Act or for German princes than Mr. Deverell has, but surely the oddest of all times to declaim against them is when the good sense of the reigning sovereign has found a way to dispense with German princes, even without repealing the Royal Marriage Act.

But the greater part of Mr. Deverell's pamphlet is devoted to telling the story of the Norman Conquest yet again. How far he is fit for such a task we may judge by a specimen or two. William has quieted his Duchy and married his wife:—

Taking advantage of the general tranquillity which followed his great victories of Mortemer and Varaville over the French, he visited, in 1061, England, which country his cousin, Edward the Confessor, a Norman by language, by education, by sentiment, and partially by blood, governed absolutely by means of his Norman favourites.

The mention of Mortemer and Varaville shows that 1061 is not a mere slip of the pen or the press for 1051, the real year of William's visit, but that Mr. Deverell really thought that the visit was later than 1054, the year of Mortemer, and 1058, the year of Varaville. Then we read:—

Edward manifested his preference immediately on his accession to the throne; and William, on his landing in England, might have imagined himself still in his own dominions. He found Normans everywhere. The Channel Fleet was officered by them; Dover, Canterbury, in a word, all the fortresses of the kingdom had Norman garrisons. Hugh Lupus, the governor of the Welsh marches and Earl of Chester, and Thomas, the Primate of all England, were countrymen of his. The priests of the parishes through which he passed presented him addresses in his mother-tongue, which was the language of the Court, the aristocracy, lay as well as spiritual, and the learned bodies. In a word, the manners and customs, as well as the language of the Normans, were universally adopted, and rather, by every section of the community which had any pretensions to rank or fashion.

We need not enlarge on this series of blunders, where Archbishop Thomas and Earl Hugh are so oddly moved from King William's days to King Edward's. But where did Mr. Deverell find about the Channel Fleet, about the Norman garrisons of Dover and Canterbury, and the addresses in William's mother tongue presented to him by the parish priests? We are really curious to know in what romance, old or new, these very odd details are to be found. At all events, let us offer our respectful sympathies to "Edricus rector navis. Regia Edwardi," who in King William's

days was "exlex in Daciam." He must have had a hard time of it in a Channel Fleet officered by Normans.

Then the thing goes on, with all the old legends, all the old misconceptions, which modern scholarship is gradually doing away with. "The dignitaries of the Anglican Church had been, with one exception, deposed from their sacred offices." How then about Archbishop Ealdred, Bishop Leofric of Exeter, Abbot Æthelwig of Evesham, Abbot Edmund of Pershore, Abbot Ælfsige of Bath, and divers smaller people, who died in full possession of their preferments? How about Abbot Ingulf, Prior Ealdwine, Prior Turgot, promoted by William or in William's days! That Normans were systematically preferred to Englishmen for ecclesiastical dignities is perfectly true, but that all the English dignitaries, with one exception, were deposed is a ridiculous exaggeration. So in the statement that "the national laws, institutions, and language gave way to those of the foreigner," and that "universal territorial confiscation followed." When will people learn the plain truth that not a single French document of William's reign exists, while of English writs and charters there are many? In itself it is perhaps not worth while arguing with a writer who draws a picture of William's yearly assembling "60,000 mail-clad horsemen"—of all places in the kingdom—"at Manchester"; but it is a fact worth some attention that stuff of this sort can still be written.

Few people could perhaps blunder so ingeniously as Mr. Deverell has done in this pamphlet. The other might have been written by anybody who had the needful stock of hatred for the Anglican Church and of reverence for the Pilgrim Fathers. Not that we would be thought lacking in reverence for them either; but it is quite possible to admire them without quite such frantic abuse of their enemies. And why they are called "Pilgrims" is a mystery which we have never yet been able to solve.

ELLIS'S CATULLUS.*

A SETTLEMENT of the question which has been vexed and mooted from the days of our Elizabethan poets until now, whether it is possible to represent the classical metres, pure and simple, in English, may be said to be less distant when it is in the hands of a poet-scholar. Professor Conington was one of such, and his judgment was unfavourable. Professor Ellis is another, though he scarcely blends in such equal proportion the elements of the happy compound; and he goes in unreservedly for the naturalization in their integrity of the iambics, galliambics, glyconics, sapphics, and hendecasyllables of Catullus. Now if any scholar of the day could approach the translation of Catullus with good augury of success, and work upon it with complete familiarity, it should be he who in his larger and smaller editions of the poet has established a novel system of arrangement and proportion as regards the verses of each poem—a system not only developing new fitness and beauty, but also by its very characteristics inviting a new translation to familiarize our ears to it. Of the reasonableness of Mr. Ellis's theory of arithmetical system we have already expressed a general conviction in these pages; but it is quite another thing to be convinced of that which it is his present object to demonstrate—the tractability of the Latin metres, as transplanted flowers of rhythm, in English imitative measures. Metrical conformity of some kind should be the aim of reproducers of Latin poetry, for the sake of the initiated and uninitiated alike; but strict conformity of foot to foot, and measure to measure, can, we believe, only be attained at the sacrifice of spirit, clearness, grace, and capacity of pleasing. No abler champion of the new way could probably be found than Mr. Robinson Ellis; and thus much may be said for him, that through starting upon the sound principle, not commonly regarded by the acclimatizers of Latin metres, of imitating ancient quantities as well as ancient metres, and of observing strictly the rules of position, or, in other words, avoiding "unclassical collocations of syllables," he has done more to disarm root-and-branch hostility to his clients than any other scholar who shares in the same (shall we say?) delusion. But after all what do his endeavours amount to? His hexameters are, speaking generally, as good as, or better than, any samples of that "pestilent heresy" we have seen; and some single lines might be cited that are really musical and full of grace. The glyconics of the Epithalamy of Julia and Mallius (c. 62) are wonderfully well imitated, but in the kindred hymn for the Sæculares Ludi (c. 34) a rude shock to any faith in transplantation of metres is couched in the translation of the second stanza 5-8:—

Hail, Latonia, thou that art
Throned daughter of *enthroned'd*
Jove; near Delian olive of
Mighty mother *o*-y-boren.

In the space of four lines we have an ungainly archaism, a (to English ears) seeming discrepancy of quantity, and a hollow and ineffectual substitute for a pointed antithesis ("maximi magna.") At the better glyconics of c. 62 with the galliambics of the Attis we shall have to glance again, but at this stage of our remarks it may be fair to admit that the original metre, which Mr. Ellis strikes us as having most happily represented in these his tentative

* *The Poems and Fragments of Catullus*. Translated in the Metres of the Original. By Robinson Ellis, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Professor of Latin in the University of London. London: John Murray. 1871.

versions, is one which has already its counterpart to a great extent in English metres—the iambic tetrameter catalectic. Mr. Ellis's presentment of c. 25, vv. 12-13,

Et insolenter aestues, velut minuta magno
Deprensa navis in mari vesante vento,

And strange to bruises you should heave, as heaves in open ocean
Some little hoy surprised adrift, when wails the windy water,

would sound not unfamiliar to an unclassical English ear if divided into four lines at the cesural points. Unfortunately Catullus has but one sample of this measure, and that a poem not quotable throughout, even when rendered by a refined translator. The greater mass of the smaller poems are in the hendecasyllabic and the elegiac metres, the next in frequency to these being the lame iambic trimeter of the 8th and other poems. Of these we can say very little for the elegiacs, the pentameter which closes each couplet being too often a trap for lameness and jingling impotency. Who would cherish the tender verses of Catullus to Ortalus about his brother, if he were acquainted with them only in the disguise of which the following stave is a sample?—

Ah! no more to address thee, or hear thy kindly replying,
Brother! O e'en than life round me delightfuller yet,
Ne'er to behold thee again! still love shall fail not alone in
Fancy to muse death's dark elegy, closely to weep.
Closely as, under boughs of dimmest shadow, the pensive
Daulian ever moans Itys in agony slain.

The hexameters are well enough, but the pentameters represent much wracking of brain to squeeze any sort of equivalent into the tight fit of the Latin. In the iambic trimeter above referred to Mr. Ellis is more successful. One learns to like, through use, the measure of

Ah poor Catullus, learn to play the fool no more.
Lost is the lost, thou know'st it, and the past is past.
Bright once the days and sunny shone the light on thee,
Still ever hasting where she led, the maid so fair,
By me beloved as maiden is beloved no more.

And it does not ill represent such a *locus communis* about the materials required for launching a poem before the Roman public as is contained in the satiric verses about the scribbler Sulfenus ("Puto esse—omnia sequata," xxii. 3-8):—

Ten times a thousand he, believe me, ten or more
Keeps fairly written: not on any palimpsest,
As often, enter'd, paper extra-fine, sheets new,
New every roller, red the strings, the parchment case
Lead-ru'd, with even pumice all alike complete.

But even in this piece there are two lines which bespeak the difficulty of getting the limbs of an English rhythm, however well-trained, into the dress which was made for another and a foreign use.

The blindest acclimatizer of strange metres, the warmest admirer of Mr. Ellis's skill, can scarcely deny that there is a screw loose somewhere in the theory and practice of imitation which gives as an equivalent for

Suas cuique attributus est error;
Sed non videmus mantica quod in tergo est (*ibid.* 20-1),
Each man bears from heaven the fault they send,
None sees within the wallet hung behind, our own.

In the context there is no mention of the gods, who, we presume, are the subject of the italicized words, and there is the utmost obscurity in the roundabout sense of the last of these lines. A specimen of this measure more worthy to linger on the ear is the version of Catullus's poem to Sirmio, four lines of which shall be quoted (xxxi. 8-11):—

Then drops the soul her fardel as the travel-tired
World-weary wand'r'er touches home, retires, sinks down,
In joy to slumber on the bed desir'd so long.
This need, this only counts for e'en an age all toil.

This is readable and true, and the concluding line of the poem is very neatly turned:—

Ridete quicquid est domi cachinnorum.
Laugh out whatever laughter at the hearth rings clear.

But most lovers of the lighter measures of Catullus will say that his English imitator must stand or fall by his hendecasyllables. Professor Ellis's management of these is uneven. One of his best attempts is the translation of "Jam ver egelidos," &c., c. xlvi., which runs very easily, and does no violence to the ordinary collocation of words in English verse:—

Now soft spring with her early warmth returneth,
Now doth Zephyrus, health benignly breathing
Still the boisterous equinoctial heaven.
Leave we Phrygia, leave the plains, Catullus,
Leave Nicaea, the sultry soil of harvest;
On for Asia, for the starry cities.
Now all flurry the soul is out a-ranging,
Now with vigour aflame the feet renew them.
Farewell company true, my lovely comrades,
You so joyfully borne from home together
Now o'er many a weary way returning.

Happy and neat, too, is that little play on words which is made to reappear in the version of Catullus's *jeu d'esprit* about a mortgage (c. xxvi.):—

Draughts, my Furia, if my villa faces
'Tis not showery south, nor airy wester,
North's grim fury nor east; 'tis only fifteen
Thousand aesteres, add two hundred over.
Draft unspeakable, icy, pestilential.

And sometimes, in spite of his bondage to the original metres, the Professor contrives to turn a passage more clearly and explicitly than Mr. Theodore Martin with his less fettered muse. In the tenth poem, vv. 18-23, Catullus represents himself as telling a gay lady-friend of Varus how badly the praetor's *attachés* fared in Bithynia. Though he could get eight men to bear it, such a thing as a litter that would hold together was not to be obtained there. The Latin runs:—

At mi nullus erat neque hic neque illic
Fractum qui veteris pedem grabati
In collo sibi collocare posset.

But so scrubby the poor sedan, the batter'd
Framework, nobody there nor here could ever
Lift it, painfully neck to nick adjusting.

Such is our translator's clever and correct rendering. Mr. Martin's goes upon the unsound idea that these three verses are an *aside*, telling the fact that he had not a single bearer:—

The fact is, neither here nor there,
Had I a single knave to bear
My truckle bed, that ancient wreck,
Suspended on his brawny neck.

It is needless to say that this is not the right interpretation. Nevertheless it would be vain to disguise that there are many specimens of the English hendecasyllabic in the book before us which make one sigh after Mr. Theodore Martin's freer and less hampered verse. The restrictions which the devotee to original metres imposes upon himself contribute unmistakably to mannerism, and to the use of divers resources not at all conducive to grace, elegance, or variety. For instance, they tend to the repetition of the same collocation of a particular word in other verses, when it has proved handy and useful in the first instance. Thus, when translating the line "Et acres solet incitare morsus," descriptive of Lesbia's teasing of her bird-pet, Mr. Ellis finds it convenient to render *acres* by an adverb which serves as a dactyl, e.g.:—

Anon with hardy-pointed
Finger angrily doth provoke to bite her.

This is well enough; but towards the end of the next poem we are told that Lesbia's eyes are swollen for the loss of her birdie, and then, not because "acres morsus" and "turgiduli ocelli" have aught in common, but because the dactyl that served one shift will serve another,

Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli

comes out as "Eyes do angrily redden all a-weeping." In precisely the same way the translator at the 10th verse of the last-named poem hits upon a dactyl for the same place in the line which represents "ad solam dominam usque pipillabat." It is quite permissible to turn the line "Piped his colloquy, piped to none beside her," but lo! in the next poem, the "dedication of the pinnacle," we find the timbers of that craft in their primitive and growing state commemorated as having whispered or whistled to the wind on the heights of Cyturus; and, sure enough, "Loquente saepe sibilum edidit comâ" brings in the "colloquy" again:—

Oft Cyturus height
With her did inly whisper airy colloquy.

Another unfortunate result of this exact reproduction of metre is the shifts and devices resorted to for eking out the length of line. We have seen how the "eyes do angrily redden all a-weeping, and we might forbear to be hard on the italicized expletives, but that the trick is worn to tatters; whilst in xxix. 19, "annis aurifer Tagus" reappears, for the same purpose, as "Tagus's amber ory stream," and in the sapphic ode (xi. 7)—the sapphics, by the way, please us least of any of these experiments, save perhaps the elegiacs—

Sive quæ septemgeminus colorat
Æquora Nilus,

is reproduced as

Fields the rich Nile *discolorates*, a seven-fold
River abounding.

What with the liberty taken with the quantity of *colorat* in translation, and the eking-out process applied to the English line by a decidedly unlicensed coinage, this verse alone would go far to condemn the acclimatization of sapphics. Had we space, it might be shown that in other directions these experiments are provocative of innovations in the English language. It is hard to see why Catullus's pinnacle, because it finds itself in an iambic trimeter, should profess of all ships *agilest* to be, or why the "senibus viris cognita bene femina" should come out as "the good women of agedest husbands" because the Latin stanza is glyconic (lxi. 195). The adjective "facinorous," which occurs somewhere in the elegiacs, is surely new to English verse, and the representation of "nec ore sicco" (xlili. 3), by "mouth scarce tenible," has been rightly judged by the translator to call for a note of explanation. "Scarce tenible," it appears, means "easily running over." It might be shown, too, that when, to represent a metre exactly, it is thought necessary to render

Orba cum fiet unicum natum (xxxix. 5).

When weeps a mother o'er the lost, the kind one son,
and the couplet,

Te campo quæsiuimus minore
Te in Circo, te in omnibus libellis,

You I sought on Campus, I, the lesser,
You on Circus, in all the bills but you, sir (lv. 3-4).

unprejudiced persons, and readers making no allowance for the scholar's weakness for the measures most familiar to him, are only too likely to stigmatize the whole as doggerel. We are very far from going this length. Though sceptical of the perfectibility of many of these foreign measures in an English garb, even after revision and further polish, we are constrained to own that many of Professor Ellis's hexameters could scarcely be improved. Take, e.g., lxiv. 7 and 66-7:—

Carula verrentes abiegnis aquora palmis,
Swept with firblades oary the fair level azure of ocean;
Omnia quæ toto delapsa e corpore passim
Ipsius ante pedes fluctus salis alludebant;
Widely from each fair limb that footward-fallen apparel
Drifts its lady before, in billowy salt loose-playing;

and—to name lengthier samples of excellence—the well known similes (39-58) in the "Carmen Nuptiale" (lxii.), and that in the "Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis," where the wedding guests gathering to the palace are likened to the action of Zephyr at morn upon a sleeping sea (269-277). The galliambics, too, of the Attis are wonderfully reproduced, and, though the metre can hardly under any circumstances become popular or invite many experiments, Mr. Ellis may be honestly said to divide with Tennyson the praise of approximately representing that strange and powerful vehicle of passionate utterance. The glyconic "Nuptial Song," too, is a notable success, and the ear takes to it perhaps more kindly and quickly than to any other of these strangers. Stanza after stanza might be quoted without fear of repulsion on the reader's part; our only citation must serve the twofold purpose of furnishing a specimen, and of showing how neatly in translation the Professor supplies the lacuna in vv. 111-15:—

O cubile quod omnibus

Candido pede lecti.

Couch of pleasure, O odorous

Couch whose gorgeous apparellings,

Silver-purple, on Indian

Woods do rest them; adown the bright

Feet in ivory glisten.

When thy lord in his hour attains,

What large ecstasy.

As will have been gathered from the above remarks, we have gone over the pages of Mr. Ellis's translation with a mixed feeling. His scholarship always, his skill oftentimes, wellnigh avail to unsettle what we believe to be the better judgment that these experiments can never win permanent favour either with scholarly or with uninitiate ears. But, however that may be, there cannot be a doubt that no future survey of the whole question can hereafter overlook the important and, in many respects, original contribution which Mr. Ellis has added to its literature.

MAURICE RHYNHART.*

WE lately reviewed in *Ierne* the thrilling and theatrical aspect of Irish disaffection as it is reflected on the disordered imagination of those who persistently represent the old "ascendancy" garrison, and who, in spite of reparative legislation, keep alive in every parish the vexatious customs of the past. It is not strange that romance should luxuriantly overspread the naked facts of Irish outbreaks. So much of wrested good is mingled with its crime, such undoubted if unstable virtue accompanies its vicious folly, that picturesque contrasts can be readily got among its incidents. Besides, though the malcontents of Westmeath and Tipperary are within a day's journey of Westminster, where they are so largely discussed, we really know little of them, and story-tellers may outrage probability as they choose in their relations of Irish life in the past or in the present. Unfortunately, it has been the interest of the dominant party in that perplexing province to distract English judgment, and they have succeeded. No cuttle-fish rejoices more over the discomfiture of the naturalist by its gush of sepia than does the Irishman in the delusion of John Bull. To give evidence before a Parliamentary Committee is an exciting occasion when the Hibernian witness can throw dust in the most privileged eyes, and, be he gentle or simple, he will alike return to his kind with a chuckling contempt for those who have believed, on his representations, that Paddy is either a martyr or a Thug.

Of the rival currents of Hibernian literature it is hard to say which is the more mischievous—that prepared for the English public, or the "national" stuff reserved for home consumption. If, however, the domestic press raves for the Cork shopboys and "godless" schoolmasters, its effervescence is but local; while the endless misrepresentations of the mere Irish which have crossed St. George's Channel have confused our judgment of the situation. We are surfeited with information, yet every year our neighbours appear more incomprehensible, until, in our disgust, we believe them to be sunk in impenetrable barbarism. Yet this solution is inconsistent with some Irish phenomena; so in our perplexity we welcome any effort, however dull, at faithful and minute portraiture of existing Irish manners. Mr. Listado's book is prosy; his sketches are of a middle-class which is of comparatively slight importance, and which is few in number, poor, and

isolated. The rebel experiences of Maurice Rhynhart are little more than a background for his very sober flirtations. There are no bulls or blunderbusses in the book, nor is it spiced by the buffoonery and stage pathos which we have learned to dread when an Irish play or novel is announced. The pettiness of Selskar society is positively satisfactory, it is so like what is to be found in our own towns; and it is cheering to hear how dull a time rebels have of it in the country parts of Ireland. We know how impracticable General Cluseret found his red propaganda, though there would seem to be a constitutional tendency among the Irish to amateur drillings and imitation treason such as that in which young Rhynhart indulged. His story is told in unaffected language suited to the record of a raw clerk's sympathy with the futile insurgents of 1848. His juvenile patriotism is untinged with Jacobinism, and indeed it is hard to know why, except from personal restlessness, he was troubled with patriotism at all. His birth may account for his temper, for he came of a Dutch stock imported in Cromwell's train, and it is noteworthy that in the extraordinarily mixed population of Ireland the most stubborn and lawless characters often bear the names of those English adventurers who settled thickly in the richer districts after each "conquest" of them. Selskar, the scene of Rhynhart's adventures, is one of the eastern towns which, facing the English coast, are believed to be less barbarous than those of the west. His experiences of the Methodist "connexion" show how the most purely British products become different when established in Ireland and tinged with certain persistent characteristics which are, we will be bold to say, often improvements on the home-grown varieties, if sometimes the reverse. The sharp line drawn between Protestant and Papist, and the exile of the shopkeepers from that borderland of gentility in which the Government officials, the doctor, and the local land agent flourish, is not ill defined. Not even the hero thinks of violating the strictly conservative, aristocratic, and anti-Jacobin custom which influences every class, even Nonconformists, in Ireland; nor until he has secured elbow-room in Australia does he venture to lift his eyes to the daughter of the fraudulent and self-made squireen Mr. Rowan.

Readers who desire emotion need not seek it in *Maurice Rhynhart*, but there is to us benighted Saxons—or, to speak fashionably, Teutons—a certain value in its unambitious and accurate account of Selskar feeling. Limited as are its manifestations, they supply illustrations of the peculiar Protestantism and loyalty, the inharmonious virtues and conflicting ideas, which the Irish inherit from their disordered past. The story of Rhynhart is probably based on fact, and it is in satisfactory contradiction of some popular recipes for the cure of Ireland. At all events, in the new ground M. Listado has taken for his plot, we escape the monotonous pleadings urged on both sides in the Irish difficulty. The patriot clerk is introduced to us at the moment when the looser links of O'Connell's tail wearied of a "moral force" which seemed chiefly employed in collecting the Repeal "rint," and when the wave of Continental upheaval and Chartist discontent was about to break in puny surf on the mountain side where Smith O'Brien dared fate among the cabbages. There were not then the same Transatlantic forces at work as in recent Fenian eruptions. The emigrant people were only learning how to leave their homes, and were not yet returning with the swagger and the scepticism arrayed in broadcloth of advanced civilization. Then, as of late, however, the revolutionary movement had its friends chiefly among gentlemen of the desk and counter, for, notwithstanding agrarian and ecclesiastical grievances, the peasantry contributed little to the Republican element which obtrudes itself in all modern revolt. Fortunately for Ireland, the human vermin or rat class, which multiplies in violently commercial societies, and rises from its cellars in stormy times, is small. In vain Americanized heroes bring back tales of prosperous insurrection and Yankee success; they have not yet undermined the instinctive respect for law and authority, which is perhaps proved as much by evasions of certain laws and contempt for certain authorities as by the annals of Irish insurrection, which has generally come to nothing except in so far as there was in it religious revolt against Protestant ascendancy. It is true that we have now two nations to deal with. The Irish of the United States are our real difficulty, which will not, we hope, be complicated by the Irish of Australia.

Maurice Rhynhart is with much discernment represented as of Puritan descent; and his mother, in her adherence to the Establishment because it waged permanent war with Popery, is well sketched. Though she lives in an almshouse she feels herself superior even in worldly rank to Papists of whatever station, and her pangs are keen when her brooding son associates with the heroes of the rebel club, and uses one of those green sashes the dissemination of which has hitherto been the only part of the Fenian programme that has been carried out with success. Bob Pringle, the secretary, is a highly probable personage. Regardless of his mother's groans on his behalf at the Methodist meetings, he is a truly gaudy insurgent, flaunting the tricolour flag when circumstances permit, clothed in bottle-green garments, discharging his pistols, letting off rocket-signals, and writing despatches in the intervals of quill-driving at his clerk's desk. He and his companions were certainly insolent phenomena in the timid population of Selskar; but that their brag never begat serious mischief goes to show how little antagonism exists between capital and labour, and that the Communist craze begotten of social discontent is not yet epidemic in the ill-famed island.

Many pages of the book are given to scenes of unpleasant

* *Maurice Rhynhart; or, Passages in the Life of an Irish Rebel.* By J. T. Listado. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1871.

Methodist life which have little relevancy, unless Rhyhart's flirtation with the heiress of a tallow-chandler and association with the "connexion" is meant to contrast with his hopeless passion for Kate Rowan, the land-agent's daughter. In Selskar's opinion an impassable barrier separates the miller's clerk from the squireen. The young lady's regard, which Rhyhart gradually wins, is a scandal to her acquaintances and an incredible fact to her other admirer, the resident magistrate. That personage is a good sort of creature much occupied by local gaieties, and disgusted when the "Castle" officials warn him of a serious movement at the crisis of a fancy ball. He healthily dislikes the visits of the informer Kinsellagh, who insists on supplying the Government with lists of the "boys" then being taught flint-lock, pike-head, and other eccentric drills in the neighbourhood.

At last comes the "great day for Ireland" that occurs so often. The Young Ireland leaders arrive in torrents of rain, and in torrents of rain stump Selskar with impassioned eloquence. As their meeting was held on Sunday, Rhyhart, true to his Puritan race, would not attend it, and such breach of the Sabbath appears to have been the little rift which grew to be a gulf between him and his rebel associates. Still he remains true to his engagements, and when the time for action is announced he is ready to assume the command allotted to him. A mere tagrag of retired Whiteboys, scamps out of work, and among them a discharged servant of Mr. Rowan's, are all who respond to the summons of the Selskar club. Infinitely disgusted by his troops and their whispered hopes of pillage, he is relieved when the appointed hour passes and no signal fire is to be seen. He gladly leaves his brigade to their own devices, and rides away with emigration in his thoughts, until a faithful gossoon overtakes him with the news that the choicest spirits in his "army" have planned an attack on Mr. Rowan's house, at the instigation of the revengeful Jeames. Galloping thither, sending for the police, a spirited defence, and the equal heroism of Kate and Maurice, follow as matters of course. The honest magistrate and his gallant constables frighten away the burglars, but catch none of them, which is perhaps equally of course, as is also the leave to disappear given to Rhyhart in consideration of his services, though all along the doings of the would-be insurgents had been known to the long-suffering authorities.

In the meantime Mr. Rowan had revealed to his daughter that he was a ruined and fraudulent man, and must fly the country. The moment is propitious. The magistrate still aiding, the agent, Rhyhart and Kate, rattle off on a jaunting car to the coast, hire a boat, and are picked up mid-Channel by a sympathetic merchant captain. Some weeks in Islington tame the pride of Mr. Rowan. With some difficulty he is got to face his affairs and pay his debts. Enough remains to take him and his daughter to Australia, and to maintain in faded dignity at home Mrs. Rowan and the remaining children. Kate has not lost sight of Maurice, who much frequents, in the company of the Rowans, Hornsey and Highbury's romantic solitudes. By the girl's loving craft he is brought to go with them on their new venture, and on the deck of the emigrant ship he becomes aware that Selskar's barriers no longer impede his suit.

In Eastern Australia the young man finds room for his powers, and when he is again presented to us he is Attorney-General and Prime Minister of his colony. Come to Ireland as Commissioner for the Exhibition of 1865, he makes his political recantation at Selskar, buys Mr. Rowan's former home, and is returned for the borough. The edifice of his fortune—in Irish eyes otherwise incomplete—is crowned by the Royal favour which makes him K.C.M.G. and Kate "my lady." Of the other characters the end is not worth recording. It is appropriate in each instance, but specially so in the death, by stabbing at New Orleans, of the informer. It would be well if the class ceased to exist in Ireland, where until lately the betrayal of comrades has been made a test of loyalty, and the perverted administration of law has encouraged falsehood, to the discredit of both law and loyalty. On the whole, we are glad to find by Mr. Listado's sketch, undoubtedly uninteresting as it is, that some among the Irish may be at least reckoned fellow-creatures. From his book we are encouraged to hope that, if Irish development is not as advanced as it might be, at least degeneration has not set in. We also are glad to be confirmed in our belief that, while there is much in the social condition of Ireland to feed a communistic spirit, there are also rooted customs and faiths which may resist foreign incitements to revolution.

BOOKS ON THE DEFENCE OF PARIS.*

THE literature of the late war, which will probably exceed that of all previous wars in amount in the same degree in which the operations themselves transcend in magnitude any ever before undertaken, begins, as is natural, with reprints of the letters written by the various newspaper Correspondents. These contributions to history will of course possess considerable value, although varying greatly in quality; but we must confess that the general impression we derived from the newspaper correspondence as it appeared was

that, with some brilliant exceptions, the selection of the gentlemen appointed to these duties was not usually happy. We took occasion to notice at the time the ludicrous deficiency in the critical faculty exhibited by the Correspondent of one morning paper attached to the French army of the Loire, and it would have been difficult for anybody to convey less useful information in the same quantity of writing than was supplied by the *Times* Correspondent with the Saxon Army Corps at the investment of Paris. The fact is that for describing military events well it is not sufficient to be able merely to write down what you see, although indeed we might be thankful if we got even this record of the eye; for usually our Special Correspondent gives us something that somebody else says he has seen. To make the thing intelligible one should possess a certain amount of discrimination. The circumstance that a man happens to be on the staff of a paper when war breaks out, or that he has the capacity for roughing it on the skirts of an army, does not necessarily confer the critical faculty which would enable a writer to distinguish between one sort of fighting and another. With some of these gentlemen there seems to be little or no appreciation of the actual relations of the events they are writing about. With them a battle is a battle, and a sortie a sortie, and a man dressed in uniform is a soldier; and from looking at the matter in this fashion it comes that Special Correspondents feel themselves obliged to search out recondite causes for the insufficient defence of Paris—bad generalship, inefficient transport, political degeneration matched against an almost superhuman degree of skill on the part of the investing army, and so forth—the real cause being apparently that the garrison consisted for the most part of a mere rabble, the repulse of whose feeble sorties must have been mere child's play to the Germans after the business they had gone through of conquering the French army. That a man of more enterprising character than Trochu exhibited might have succeeded in forming an efficient body out of the materials at his command is probable enough; but had a fraction of the Paris garrison consisted of reasonably good troops, Trochu or any other commonplace general would have broken through the investment, while it cannot be too often repeated that, save in the original conception of investing the city, that operation was conducted in the most humdrum fashion. And it will not be out of place just to mention that this same sort of uncritical want of appreciation of the actual bearing of facts is being shown about the late civil war. Correspondents are writing about the desperate defence of the Commune, and there is a disposition shown by some papers to accept M. Thiers's estimate about the glorious conduct of the French troops. It cannot be too distinctly borne in mind that, while artillery fire is a terrible thing to stand up against in the open, it is extraordinarily innocuous whenever cover is obtainable, and that the lowest and most common form of military courage is that which enables men to show fight behind ramparts or barricades. The worst troops soon become accustomed to this sort of warfare; and although it has taken the Versailles army a long time to get into Paris, this delay has been almost wholly due to the extraordinarily cautious mode of attack adopted, while the defence throughout has not been illumined by a single exhibition of dash or genius, and there is reason to believe that the losses on both sides in actual fighting have been extremely small in comparison with the numbers engaged.

To come, however, to the books before us. M. Sarcey to a certain extent disarms criticism by the avowal that his object is not so much to describe the defence of Paris as its interior aspect; and although his little book is open to the strictures we have made upon the records of newspaper correspondents generally, it is at any rate thoroughly readable, while he appears remarkably free from the national weakness of incapacity to see the truth, and readiness to believe without evidence, which has been so painfully manifested throughout the war. M. Sarcey, indeed, who is a well-known member of the staff of the *Gaulois*, dissects with unsparing keenness the characteristics of his fellow-citizens. At the beginning of the investment he remarks that while those who tell the story will speak of the Parisians as evincing during this interval a firm and immovable resolution to do or die, in reality there was at the bottom of all hearts something like a secret hope that matters would be arranged, and that the Prussians would stop half way; an illusion founded partly on the notion that the King of Prussia would be afraid of the spread of democratic ideas in his army, should he follow up the war with the Republic, and still more on the expectation of the intervention of Europe. "What most encouraged this childish idea was that incurable vanity which is innate in the French national disposition." M. Sarcey saw also very distinctly the defective condition of the National Guard, which was, he says, a tumultuous chaos of good intentions which disorder had rendered useless, and he blames Trochu for not, in the beginning, separating the young men from the inefficient, and drilling and officering the former properly. It would have been well for France if there had been more of her public writers able to see things as they really were; the mendacity of the French press, and the utter want of any sense of responsibility in its conductors, have certainly not been the least among the causes to bring about the present state of the nation. But even M. Sarcey, when he comes to deal with military matters, loses this critical faculty; for although he quite understands that the sortie of the first days of December was a defeat, he accepts the account, said to have been obtained from the German papers—which, however, never said anything so foolish—that the victory

* Paris during the Siege. Translated from the French of Francisque Sarcey. London: Chapman & Hall. 1871.

The Defence of Paris. Narrated as it was seen, by Thomas Gibson Bowles, Special Correspondent of the "Morning Post." London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1871.

cost the Germans more than that of Gravelotte. On the other hand, when he observes (p. 208) that while the earthworks of the Germans, who had scarcely 300,000 men round the place, sprang from the soil as if by enchantment, "and we, nearly a million able-bodied men, opposed neither ditch to ditch, nor entrenchment to entrenchment, nor redoubt to redoubt, this weary inaction produced that corroding disorganization which from time to time betrayed itself in the most incomprehensible outbursts of disobedience," he explains exactly why the defence was unsuccessful. It failed because there was in fact no defence. The place should and might have been saved by a proper use of the spade, while the deplorable weakness exhibited by Trochu in his dealings with the National Guard was unquestionably the indirect cause of the late unhappy conflict. If Flourens and his followers had been put down in the first instance, and the National Guard subjected to proper discipline, the awful disaster which has now befallen Paris would most probably have been averted. This misconduct of Trochu, for it is surely no less, is another illustration of the truth so abundantly exemplified by history, that weakness in rulers is far more harmful than vice.

In the concluding part of this interesting little volume will be found some shrewd remarks on the defects of the French army organization, some of which may with advantage be taken home to ourselves. We may mention, in particular, the dogged belief of the superior officers of the old army in the efficacy of soup, which led them to the absurdity of making the troops try to cook soup in the open plain when engaged in their sorties outside Paris, instead of first issuing a cooked ration, so that they seldom on these occasions got anything to eat; the same veneration for the knapsack, "filled with things which would last the soldier his lifetime, and which he puts on his back to go two leagues out of Paris, as if he were about to undertake a campaign on the steppes of Tartary"; and last but not least, the military supply system, which we have copied in an exaggerated form, and of which M. Sarcey says that the only thing to be done with it is to sweep it away. We must just notice in conclusion that M. Sarcey appears to have been imbued towards the end of the siege with a belief in the superior bravery and devotion of the National Guard as compared with the Line and the Mobiles, without any apparent justification for the opinion, and that he, with most other people, fell into the mistake of underestimating the power of the Commune for mischief.

The Defence of Paris, which is a reprint of the letters addressed to the *Standard* during the Prussian investment, is a work creditable to English journalism for the thorough honesty of purpose and intelligence which the letters exhibit, although in this case, while our author sees clearly enough the faults of indiscipline and want of earnestness which rendered the defence so feeble, we notice the same absence of that critical faculty as regards military events proper which has been mentioned as a general defect in this class of literature. Thus, in speaking of the action of the 19th of September on the heights of Châtillon, when the French tried to check the German advance on Versailles, he endorses as an apparently reasonable result [p. 51] the rumour "that the French artillery, which was admirably served, put as many as 7,000 Prussians *hors de combat*, and that on our side only 400 men were hit." A very small acquaintance with the facts of war—that is, with the special business he was engaged upon—would have satisfied Mr. Bowles that, not to say that artillery fire alone never put 7,000 men *hors de combat* in any battle that was ever fought, the disparity of figures was sufficient evidence of the absurdity of the statement. Cases do happen where the beaten army suffers much more than its antagonist, the loss generally taking place in the pursuit, as at Austerlitz, where large numbers of the allies were destroyed without making any defence, or at Sobraon, where our artillery played on the unresisting mass of the beaten Sikh army cooped up in sullen despair between our advancing line and the river behind them; but that an attacking army should be repulsed, and yet inflict a vastly greater loss on the side which remains victorious on the ground, is from the nature of the case impossible. Later on in the siege, however, Mr. Bowles attains to a juster view of the facts, and of the capacity of the garrison to inflict great losses on the investing armies. His account of the sortie of Champigny in the last days of November, when his zeal appears to have taken him well under fire, is exceedingly natural and interesting; although here too, while doing no more than justice to the gallantry of the French generals, he appears disposed to rate the conduct of their troops too highly. The total loss, 6,000 men, in three days' fighting, was really very small compared with the number engaged, and the cause of the failure appears in fact to have been that they could not be got to face the Germans fairly. When great numbers are engaged on a very small front, as happened on this occasion and at the other sorties, there is but little room for tactics; pluck and discipline are the needful things, and if these are wanting sorties assuredly will not succeed. There is no need to look for more recondite causes of failure. As regards the sortie of October 23, Mr. Bowles writes (p. 162), that "the Prussians won an easy victory with inferior numbers over men who indubitably fought most admirably," and he adds that the failure was due to the faults of the leaders; but every soldier will, we believe, draw a precisely opposite conclusion. There is no evidence that the garrison on any single occasion fought even respectably. Had they done so, the investing armies, which were not superhuman, would assuredly not have been able to maintain the blockade. Mr.

Bowles, we may add, gives a novel and shrewd reason for the want of spirit in the efforts of the relieving armies, although of course it does not explain the whole matter, for armies, when once they get to fighting, seldom stop to think about causes. He says:—

The country people hate the Parisians most cordially, and above all they fear them; for they know by experience how Paris-made Governments have worked, and they cannot bring themselves to believe but that as soon as the peril is past, the Reds will take the upper hand in the Republic, and play their old pranks with property, religion, and all that the provinces respect. The true tone of Parisian opinion, however, is calculated to reassure them, for it is extremely and determinedly moderate. The mere fact that both Blanqui and Flourens have been within the last few days voted out of their commands in the National Guard by their own men speaks volumes.

The culpable weakness which allowed a very small minority to obtain possession of Paris, and gradually to bring over to their side a number of citizens who beyond doubt were originally indifferent to the cause of Communism, will become plainer as time goes on. If ever there was a revolution which might have been averted by firmness, it was this, and the responsibility for its awful consequences will surely, in the judgment of posterity, be shared by those who, from want of ordinary foresight and firmness, allowed it, after two failures, finally to come to a head. M. Thiers would not have needed to act differently if his object had been to discredit the cause of Red Republicanism by allowing it to display its most revolting features. But of such deliberate ingenuity he is of course to be acquitted.

MINOR POETS.*

MANY an author has described the eccentricities of the poet; but we do not know if any one hitherto has pointed out the still greater eccentricities of the poet's friends. The world in general, and not perhaps without some show of reason, has long looked upon the practice of the poetical art as a certain symptom of incipient madness. It is not our business at present to take up the cudgels in the defence of the poets, though, after an extensive acquaintance with them, we are disposed to regard the majority of them as a very harmless kind of animal. If many of them do go mad, they have the disease in a very gentle form, as they give signs rather of softening of the brain than of any active form of insanity. Though we are therefore quite ready to leave these harmless people their full liberty, we should not be indisposed to put some kind of restraint on their friends. Unless indeed they also can plead the excuse of insanity, we shall look upon them as people of a peculiarly mischievous, if not malevolent, disposition. For some reason best known to themselves, they are continually urging the poets to rush into print, just as at a country fair lads who are too bashful themselves may be seen urging on a comrade who seems not indisposed to gain glory by grinning through a horse-collar. What can be the gratification that these friends derive we can hardly even guess at. It is not to be supposed for a moment that, when "they kindly continue to ask for" the publication of any poems, they have the smallest desire to read them. The better disposed among them, finding that they can in no wise escape from the perusal of poems as tedious and as long as an ordinary sermon, wisely reflect that print is read far more rapidly than manuscript. Whether a man's goal is the end of a poem or the gallows at Tyburn, in each case it would be quite excusable if he were desirous of getting through the intermediate space with all possible celerity. In other cases, however, we much fear that to no motive so innocent as this is due the advice that is so rashly given. It often happens that a poet's hearers have not courage to inform him of their real opinion of his compositions, and so, in urging him to publish, they are really trying to expose him to the criticisms of those who dare speak out what they themselves can only feel in silence. We shall not pretend to decide whether either of these motives has influenced Mr. Bickersteth's friends. He himself in his preface tells us that "The following poems have been written from time to time during the last twenty-seven years, and have many of them appeared in print before; but being for the most part now inaccessible to friends who kindly continue to ask for them, I have ventured to group them in this volume." Can it be the case that the more inaccessible these poems were, the more his friends called for them, and that none will be more dismayed than they on seeing their request granted? Among these poems we notice four that gained prizes when their author was an undergraduate at Cambridge. Indeed, he obtained the rare distinction of gaining "the Chancellor's medal at the Cambridge Commencement in the years 1844, 1845, 1846." We are not aware if anything can be found to rival this, unless indeed it be the performance of the celebrated dog who was lately in-

* *The Two Brothers, and Other Poems.* By Edward Henry Bickersteth, M.A., Author of "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever." London: Livingtons. 1871.

Later Poems. By Julio. London: Whittaker & Co. Brighton: Thos. Page. 1871.

Intaglios. Sonnets by John Payne, Author of the "Masque of Shadows," &c. London: B. M. Pickering. 1871.

Leparon to Pascola, and other Poems. By Edward Arundel Goss, St. John's College, Cambridge. London: Longmans & Co. 1871.

The Last Days of Jerusalem. A Song of Zion. By S.W. Fulham, Author of "Rome under Pius IX." "The Human Mind," "Mystery of the Soul," &c. London: Hatchards. 1871.

roduced to Her Majesty in honour of his having, for the third time, gained what ever it is that in coursing corresponds to the Chancellor's medal in poetry. We would respectfully suggest, by the way, to those who adjudge prizes in poetry, that when they lay down in what metre the composition should be written, they should at the same time strictly forbid all who compete for the prize to have visions. They would in all probability at once reduce the numbers of competitors by half, for it is a well known fact that to the majority of poetical undergraduates a vision is as indispensable to get them started as fire is to a steam-engine. Mr. Bickersteth of course had his visions, for, as he tells us,

Came visions many a one in bright adorning,
Clustering like clouds instinct with light around me.

These prize poems are, we have little doubt, quite up to the average. The only wonder is that a middle-aged man should himself republish the poems of his youth. After his death his friends might with some reason gather together the fragments of his early days. They would be excused in making better known to us a man who, as we learn from the "Opinions of the Press," has produced a poem which, "if any, is destined to endure in the companionship of Milton's hitherto matchless epic," and which "may do as much towards fashioning our theology as *Paradise Lost*, probably more." It is not only with *Paradise Lost*, among Milton's works, that Mr. Bickersteth may challenge comparison. He has written of Samson also. We trust that, if here too he is fashioning our theology, he is at all events not fashioning our poetry at the same time. His poem may be looked upon as to some extent complementary to *Samson Agonistes*, for he tells us of the effect produced on Samson's mother by the tidings of her son's death. We will conclude our rather long notice by quoting Mr. Bickersteth's lines:—

But when her ear the hurried message caught,
That God deliverance by his death had wrought;
The banquet and the shouts that rend the air,
His deeds of might, his last victorious prayer,
The pillars grasped and shaken to and fro,
The helpless agonizing cries of woe,
Until the temple's shattered roof and dome
Wrapt him and all in one terrific tomb;
Then first a smile of glory on her cheek
Spoke of such bliss as language could not speak;
She raised her overflowing eyes to heaven,
And wept for joy, "My Samson is forgiven."

Though the author of *Later Poems* follows after many masters, he comes perhaps closest to the bard who sang of *Proverbial Philosophy*. Nay, indeed, we could easily imagine that unless Mr. Tupper, by the aid of his own soothing philosophy, has been able to restrain all the evil passions of the soul, even he might have a transient feeling of jealousy if his eye fell on some of these "epigrams and apothegms." So like indeed are they to the productions of his own brain, that we can picture to ourselves the philosophic poet hastily grasping at his own copy of his great work and turning over its well-thumbed pages in the confident belief that he had been made the victim of an impudent robbery. For what father of a family can read the lines which we will now quote, and not be reminded of the copy of *Proverbial Philosophy*, bound in morocco, which his eldest daughter brought home in triumph, at once the crown of her days spent at a finishing-school, and her guide for the rest of her life?—

"Now, my son," said a father, "you enter on life and temptation;
Great are the snares of the world; difficult 'tis to walk straight.
If you walk crooked, remember that serpentine paths are the longest,
And often lead at the end into a fathomless pit."

The gravity of these sententious lines is at times relieved by an attempt at a joke, to which, as far as we can remember, the severe dignity of Mr. Tupper has never condescended. His most hostile critics have never accused him of forgetting the dignity of his subject, or of mixing up his philosophy with vain jesting. It is perhaps just possible for the imagination to conceive of his so far unbending as to cut a joke, as it may perhaps conceive of an elephant cutting capers. At all events the youngest among his disciples has shown that it is not impossible to be at the same time a humourist and a proverbialist:—

"Wicked and fallen you were," the preacher said to his hearers,
"But, by the action of grace, now you are happy and good."
Just at that moment a lad, extracting from a pocket a purse,
Sotto voce replies, "Yees; I be 'appy to-night."

Such lines as these our author calls "condensed thoughts in elegiac metre." Condensed is of course a relative term. These thoughts—admitting for a moment that they are thoughts—may possibly be more condensed than the tail of a comet, which, though it spreads over millions of miles, might, we are assured, be compressed into the compass of a carpet-bag. It would, however, require a greater acquaintance with the physical world than we can boast of, to find any other object to which, in its diffuseness, we could properly compare them.

We are grateful to Mr. Payne for rousing us up from the somewhat drowsy state into which we had fallen as we perused page after page of poets who are gifted with that fatal fluency of language which is so convenient a cloak to the want of thought. If he is, as we must complain, at times provokingly obscure, yet there is much in his sonnets that is as clear as it is beautiful. They show no signs of hasty work; on the contrary, they are polished as only a scholar loves to polish. Some of the sonnets are written on pictures by one or two of the younger artists of the

day. No doubt not a little of their obscurity would disappear at once if we could have before us the painter's work as well as the poet's. How much more fully, for instance, is Mr. Rossetti's sonnet on Cassandra entered into by those who, while they read, have before them the recollection of his pen-and-ink sketch on the same subject. Some of Mr. Payne's lines are wonderfully musical, none perhaps more so than these with which he closes his volume:—

And the spell
Should be sung round with silver sound of lyres
And the sad song of some far golden bell.

It is curious that he should have ushered in lines so sweet with sounds harsh enough to have suited even Ajax when he strives some mighty rock to throw. Who that conscientiously sounds his final consonants can endure such a line as this?—

Methinks, about the streets strange flitting fires.

We have had some difficulty in deciding which of Mr. Payne's sonnets we should select for quotation. The following "On Leconte de Lisle's Prose Translation of Homer" is perhaps a fair specimen:—

There is a legend of the northland fells,
Fabled that in the middle mountain-caves,
Soundless and dumb, a mighty music waves,
Frozen into silence by eternal spells:
Till some fair hero pierce the mist that dwells
Above the music's mystery-hearted graves.
Then shall the song soar with a noise of glaves
To-smitten; and the trumpet's silver swells
Rehearse the glory of the ancient time.
So hast thou, poet from the tropic isles—
Coming, breast-armour'd with the gold sun's smiles,
Into our Northland—set old Homer free
From all the tangling coil of modern rhyme,
And loosed the sheer song on us like a sea.

We wish, by the way, that Mr. Morris could be tempted also to set Homer free "from all the tangling coil of modern rhyme." Who can read his translation of *Grettir* and not long to have the *Odyssey* similarly rendered? Exquisite as his verse may be, his real strength lies, we believe, in prose. Since the days of the translators of the Bible, we know of no other writer who could have written *Grettir*.

Poems may be divided into three classes—those that are worth reading, and therefore are worth writing; those that are worth writing, but are not worth reading; and those that are neither worth reading nor writing. In other words, a man may so write as to do good to others as well as to himself; or he may so write as to do good to himself but not to others; or, lastly, he may so write as to do good neither to others nor to himself. We have poets, versifiers, and writers of doggerel. If constant practice in Greek or Latin verse composition increases a man's enjoyment of the classical poets, it would seem to be the case that the English poets are the more enjoyed the more practised a man is in English versification. There is this danger, however, that the versifier, like the artist of old, may come to forget the model which he has imitated, and so at last may fall in love with his own handiwork. Nay, even he may go a step further, and, like King Ahasuerus, may insist on showing to the people the beauty of the Muse that he has wooed. To return from the somewhat remote antiquity to which we have been led by our illustrations, we would observe that it is creditable to Mr. Geare, a Cambridge undergraduate, at a time when gymnastics are as high as the Muses are low, to have resisted the temptation of the high jump and the mile race, and to have devoted himself to such a careful study of versification. The only thing left to be wished for is that he had entrusted his verses to his writing-desk instead of to print. Long before Horace's ninth year had come he would have smiled, we may hope, as he read over his imitations of *In Memoriam*, and, smiling, would have consigned them to the flames. As it is, his reader now has the smile as he reads such an imitation as this:—

In vain lament and foolish grief
I look upon the rising sun;
Oh, every hour the sands will run,
More yellow grow the changing leaf.
In foolish grief and vain lament
I watch the setting of the sun;
I say, another day is done—
Weak hours in selfish pain mis-spent.

Some bid me trust a future sky!
They say "when some few years have sped:"
But whose the power to kill the dead—
The deadly life that will not die?

An Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate has, after all, less excuse than most young men for hastily rushing into print. Each University has recognised the natural tendency of the young towards versification, and in its wisdom has provided it with legitimate means of satisfaction. It is not unreasonable to expect that an undergraduate should rest content with competing for the Newdigate or the Chancellor's medal, and should not, at least till he has put on his bachelor's hood, venture into print on his own account. By the time that Mr. Geare has satisfied the examiners in acoustics, he will have learnt that the Tiber's foam, however yellow it might be, can scarcely have rung with joyful shouts.

Mr. Fullom may have obtained permission to dedicate the *Last Days of Jerusalem* to "Her Royal Highness Mary Adelaide, Princess of Teck and Cambridge," but who has given him permission

to call it "A Song of Zion"? Who can that rash mortal be who required of Mr. Fullom a song and melody in his heaviness? If it is Her Royal Highness, we most respectfully entreat her to be careful in selecting the locality where she is to hear her singer. If there are either waters or trees near, she would, long before he has reached the end of his 254 pages, have cast herself into the one or hanged herself up on the other. No doubt Mr. Fullom has achieved a certain degree of literary success. For if he cannot write a poem, he can at all events compose a dedication. We would suggest to him that he would have done better if he had published the dedication by itself, and made a present of his manuscript to Her Royal Highness. As some of our readers may be curious to know what particular kind of nonsense is at present dedicated to a princess, we will quote a few lines from Chant II. of the Song of Zion, entitled "The Dungeon and the Garden":—

So did he rally at the very brink
Of fate—abyss from which he did not shrink,
But, in the impulse inspiration gave,
Stood on the verge and vaulted o'er the grave.
Remain'd death's shadow; for his peering sight,
Unblinded now, and by his judgment lit,
Met it around—met in the speck of Night
That stood unfathomable in this pit.

FLEMING'S ANIMAL PLAGUES.*

THE title of Mr. Fleming's work upon Animal Plagues raises expectations which its contents fall provokingly short of satisfying. We are led to expect under the head of "history" something of a far more systematic, if not exhaustive, kind than the mere raking together of a heap of loose and uncritical materials, with hardly an attempt either at sifting or generalization. We have hopes of seeing some clear and scientific light thrown upon the "nature" of this class of diseases, which we wholly fail to realize from the casual and often conflicting descriptions that are given us of the symptoms, the predisposing circumstances, or the consequences of each attack. Above all, we lay down the book with but the faintest idea of what the author's researches have led him to propound by way of "prevention" of these mysterious and destructive scourges. It is from no want of appreciation of the width and importance of the subject under inquiry that the author has fallen short of the results we should have desired. His introduction shows him to be duly impressed with its value at once "to the comparative anatomist, the physician, the general historian, the agriculturist, and the statesman." And it is announced as the object of his enterprise to redeem the neglect which has been shown among us towards a study so fraught with interest and importance. From the scale on which the work has been carried out, and the parade of authorities with which it is ushered in to the notice of the public, we naturally look for a treatise in some sort commensurate with the scientific and literary standards of the day, and prepare ourselves to see the comparative pathology of disease among the lower animal forms brought up to something like the degree of positive diagnosis and treatment to which we may pretend to have advanced in the morbid study of man. A kind of subsidiary title to Mr. Fleming's volume suggests indeed the surmise that we have here but an instalment of his whole design. It may be that the scientific analysis or physiological discussion, as well as the prevention or cure of disease in animals, will form the theme of fuller and more specific treatment to follow. We may be unfair in expecting from the work before us anything more than a "Chronological History of Animal Plagues, from B.C. 1490 to A.D. 1800." Sufficient truly unto the day is the evil of passing under so uncritical a review the distempers and losses of three thousand and odd years. So thorough, to be sure, is Mr. Fleming when fairly launched upon this portion of his design, that we feel thankful for his not following up certain tentative speculations touching the "epizootic diseases among the lower orders of creatures," which may have caused their fossil remains to be heaped together in the various strata of the earth, "long ere the waters overflowed, and the mountains sank." *Passons au déluge*. Did not the learned German begin his history of the Libraries of the World with a chapter "de Bibliothecis Antediluvianis"? Happily we are spared such a chapter here.

It is not, indeed, till the memorable instance of the plagues of Egypt that we get to historical records of epidemic diseases amongst the lower animals. Whether amenable in their origin or working to secondary laws or not, the form of these pestilences may, Mr. Fleming believes, be recognised in, and even identified with, those so destructive at the present day. The "grievous murrain" he is disposed to consider of a carbuncular nature, which he quotes Dr. Whewell as connecting with the low and open pastures on which the cattle of the Egyptians were exposed. The result would be, then as now, a species of anthrax. M. Hamont, Professor of the Veterinary School at Abou-Zabel, speaks of the softening of the liver as a primitive and permanent malady very widely spread among horses and cattle. Dysentery is also very deadly among cattle, sheep, and camels, engendered by the organic and other matters held in solution by the Nile water, as well as by crowding, or dry and unvaried food. Splenic apoplexy is very

frequent among ruminants, and malignant pustule is seen in the horse during the hot Kamessine winds of May and June. That the veterinary art was very early brought to bear upon these destructive pests is known from the most ancient frescoes copied by Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, depicting the surgeon attending to the maladies of oxen and other animals, the title of the physician being inscribed beneath the painting. From historic evidence of this kind we pass to a marvellous record, "B.C. 2048 (A.M. 2820) an epidemic and epizooty in Ireland." We sympathize with Mr. Fleming in deploring that the chronology of the Irish epizootics up to the Christian era is "not so well established as one could desire." All he can do is to fall back upon the figures given, we are wholly at a loss to guess on whose authority, in the "Census of Ireland for the year 1851, part 5." To Hammer's *Chronicle of Ireland* we are indebted for the highly trustworthy details of the war waged at that date by the "Partholani or tribe of Partholan" with "rebellious miscreants and tyrannous giants," whom they utterly annihilated in a fierce battle, and cast their carcasses out "like a sort of dead dogs, whereof through the stinks of the same such an infective pestilence ensued in all places throughout the island, by corruption of the ague, that few escaped with life except those that got them away by sea; yea, the infection was so great of those cursed carcasses of Cham and his posterity that the dogs and wolves died thereof."

We give up altogether "Cham and his posterity," and confess to feeling little more confidence in the date, "A.M. 3972," at which, according to the *Book of Lecan*, "every cow that was born in Findoll's reign was white-headed." In 5001 A.M. there was a terrible mortality among kine in Bresal's reign, from which circumstance—or rather, might we be allowed to suggest, from that monarch's having stamped out the distemper in modern fashion by general extermination—he received the cognomen of Bodhiobhadh, "cow destruction," or Bresal Bodivo. So utter was the devastation, say the Annals of Clonmacnoise, that there were no more than one bull and one heifer left alive in the whole kingdom, which bull and heifer lived in a place called "Gles Samaange." The tradition of this event is still preserved, Mr. Fleming assures us, in Glen Sawiak, the "glen of the heifer," in the parish of Lower Bodoney, County Tyrone. This plague, forgetful for the moment of his faith in Partholan and Findoll, he terms the first cattle epizooty on record in Ireland. Our next notice, a century and a half later, gives a glowing picture of the well-being of Irish flocks and herds. So mild was the season in A.M. 5160, in the reign of Conaire, that not only was there abundance of nuts, but, add the Four Masters, the wind did not take a hair off the cattle from the middle of autumn to the middle of spring. In harmony with the atmospheric calm was the moral and social order. "The cattle were without keepers in Ireland, on account of the greatness of the peace and concord." Mr. Fleming's omnivorous reading has supplied him with the veracious Grafton's record of A.M. 3197, in the reign of Riallus, King of Britain, at which time, "as Gaufride sayeth," it rained blood by the space of three days continually within the land, followed by a plague of flies, with much sickness and mortality to man and beast. All this garrulous and utterly uncritical stuff is put forward with the same air of reliance as the philosophical records of Thucydides, Tacitus, or Columella. It is altogether a relief, however, to be taken upon classic ground, even though our guide restricts us to reading Homer or Virgil through the spectacles of Lord Derby, Pope, or Dryden. The palm of industry is at all events to be awarded to Mr. Fleming. Whatever may be thought of the quality, there is no disputing the quantity, of his extracts or quotations. What strikes us most forcibly perhaps in the descriptions of these early historians or physicians is at once the similarity in point of symptoms with the diagnosis of our own day, and the helplessness of contemporary skill in furnishing a remedy. In the most expressive of classic pastorals we listen to a poetic eyewitness of scenes such as our own pastures have but lately displayed. The melodious Latin verse re-echoes the conflicting and despairing prose of our own veterinary reports upon diet, change of pasture, and medical nostrums:—

Præterea, nec jam mutari pabula refert;
Quasitæque nocent artes; cessare magistri,
Phillyrides Chiron, Amythaonisque Melampus.

Isolation and prompt recourse to the pole-axe or the knife is the practical, however unscientific, remedy to which the concurrent voice of the closest observers and wisest practitioners lends its support from the earliest to the most recent plagues. Endless are the medical recipes or modes of treatment collected here from professed and technical writers, from Vegetius Renatus, a count of the Lower Empire in the fifth century, Apsyrtus, a Greek of doubtful date, Hierocles and Pelagonius, hippiatrists of wide repute, and an endless catena of authorities down to the familiar names which carry with them the weight of living experience. The veterinary schools which are known to have existed before the Christian era were for the most part swept away in the great cataclysm of ancient learning. It is with the revival of letters that the era of more general and exact study comes in. Of the new school, Fracastor, early in the sixteenth century, is one of the pioneers of the art. Leonard Mascall, a quaint writer upon the *blaine* or *glossanthrax* in "oxen, horses, sheepes, hogges, dogges," A.D. 1596, is the first Englishman upon Mr. Fleming's list. Many papers in the earlier *Philosophical Transactions* bear witness to the efforts made by the learned to elucidate the origin and nature of the epidemics which from time to time made their appearance in the country. But

* *Animal Plagues; their History, Nature, and Prevention.* By George Fleming, F.R.G.S., &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1871.

they are chiefly noteworthy for their conflicting and empirical character. Until the middle of the last century the veterinary art remained in the most unsatisfactory state both at home and abroad. In 1762, through the exertions of M. Bourgelat, an advocate, the first veterinary school of France was established at Lyons, followed up next year by the foundation of the great college of Alfort, together with one at Toulouse. Vienna had soon after a national college, founded by Maria Theresa, which, remodelled and reorganized by Joseph II., is now the largest in Germany. At the instance of Cothenius, physician to Frederick the Great, the national veterinary school of Prussia was set up at Berlin. The example was rapidly followed by Dresden, Munich, Hanover, Carlsruhe and Stuttgart; by Spain, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia. It was not till 1792 that England had a veterinary school, and that but of a private and limited character. Edinburgh from the beginning of the present century has had a school, and others likewise of a private kind have been set on foot in Glasgow and London. While justly complaining of the scant amount of encouragement or assistance bestowed by Government upon the study and practice of veterinary science, Mr. Fleming seems to us scarcely to appreciate the efforts lately made or the benefits conferred by the Royal Veterinary College. Among foreign writers whose works illustrate and record the progress of this branch of science, are Lancisi, physician to Pope Clement XI., early in the last century; Herment, Drouin, Guillo, Paulet, and Vicy d'Azyr. The elaborate treatises of Camper and Haller are already well known to all who have studied the subject. The Reports of Bates, the King's surgeon, upon the cattle-plague of 1714, during which no fewer than 1,500,000 cattle are said to have died in Western Europe, had the effect of diffusing throughout the Continent reliance upon the British system of isolation and slaughter. The sacrifice of some six thousand head was followed by the suppression of the distemper in England within three months. Never was there anything more whimsical or preposterous than the specifics recommended by this or that imaginative cattle leech, including the tar-water of Bishop Berkeley. Mr. Fleming has reproduced at some length the more sensible opinions of Mortimer, Lobb, Dossie, and others, regarding the severe epidemic which broke out in 1745, and lingered in places till 1780. There is but little difference between the memoirs of successive attacks of disease which crowd Mr. Fleming's later pages. We regret much that he should have closed his inquiry at a point which precludes the study of the terrible epidemic which has so impressed itself upon the domestic history of our own time, and the effects of which are still felt both in the department of legislation and in that of scientific controversy. A succinct and critical analysis of the valuable reports of Professor Gamgee and other careful observers upon the cattle plague of 1865 and the years following, together with the more recent form of epidemic known as the foot and mouth disease, would have been of a practical worth wholly beyond that of all Mr. Fleming's loose historical gleanings. We leave off as far as ever from the means of scientific prevention or cure which we had hoped to see emerge from so vast a sea of material. His book, from first to last, is one which might have been compiled by any man with the run of a pretty extensive library, apart from the slightest special attainments in physiology, or the faintest scintilla of a critical sense. We feel oppressed with the extent and bulk of our author's labours, rather than confident in his powers as our scientific adviser or guide.

TOM PIPPIN'S WEDDING.*

IT is asking too much of the *Fight at Dame Europa's School* to expect it to float *Tom Pippin's Wedding*. Discussing the identity of another anonymous author, Lord Macaulay argued against the valuelessness of comparison as a test, remarking that every man must write his best work. If the author of "*Dame Europa*" is launched on a literary career, we trust sincerely for his sake that he has now done his very worst. We vainly puzzle ourselves over the story of the birth of "*Tom Pippin*." Did the author labour against time, that he might take advantage of the flood of his popularity before it turned to the ebb? Or did he, by a still swifter and more economical process, vamp up old material to meet the pressing demand of the hour? One or the other he certainly must have done, and we rather incline to the latter alternative. For the absence of any thought of assimilation is even more conspicuous than the traces of haste and carelessness scattered broadcast, and that is saying a good deal. A couple of distinct stories are pinned loosely together, and connected by a name that might possibly stand for the heading of a chapter, although in common candour to our readers we must explain that there is no wedding at all. *Tom Pippin*, who merely turns up at rare intervals, lives a bachelor, and dies one, for anything we hear to the contrary. Poems are interspersed freely through the volume, interposed between the chapters, and the most fervid fancy would be hard set to trace a connexion between them and the text. In one case we imagined we had lighted on a remote relationship, but even that, in our subsequent dispassionate judgment, was a mere coincidence. Striking the key-note of his style, the author starts with the funny. He professes to parody three separate sensational commencements; then he re-

marks that murder and bigamy are not his line, and that he contents himself with dealing with the tragic in common life. To decide how far he has succeeded in being sensational or the reverse, we must settle the meaning of sensation. If he intends to say that there is nothing of thrilling interest and little of dramatic effect in his story, then we thoroughly agree with him. But if what he means is that he has not succeeded in collecting in the minimum of space the maximum of gross improbabilities, in that case we can only assure him he is far too modest. He gives us a simple pair of twin stories knotted roughly together; and, with few exceptions, their characters are as perversely unnatural as we can well conceive. They live and breathe and act under the most extravagant, if not impossible, conditions. They perpetrate a series of daring outrages on our credulity from the first page to the last, with the active connivance of their creator. Further, *Tom Pippin's Wedding* is more objectionable than that unpleasant thing, a story with a purpose, for it has as many purposes as the author has prejudices. That he is a man of strong antipathies we might have surmised, for it was his thoroughgoing partisanship that made the success of *Dame Europa's School*. But in that rather clever *jeu d'esprit* his partisanship chanced to chime in with the strong feeling of a great section of society, while the lightness of his lively allegory conciliated rabid Philoteutons. In *Tom Pippin's Wedding* he reminds us of one of those flighty independent members who can always be counted on by crotchety-mongers who divide the House for some reform which they seek to antedate by a thousand years. He is a man of antipathies; a thorough good hater, who carefully alienates any sympathy you may chance to have with him by dogmatizing and denouncing with an insufferable assurance of carrying all his readers along with him, while he is perfectly conscious that his ideas are condemned by universal custom. He generalizes from a page of his own fiction, as if he had taken his stand on some immutable principle ratified by a plebiscite of the intellect of all the ages. For example, he paints, in colours of his own grinding and mixing, a most reckless caricature of an imaginary clergyman's family. We regard it sceptically, as well we may, and altogether decline to recognise it as a portrait. The author finds he has been "piling it rather high," as the Americans say, and asseverates on his honour and conscience the fidelity of the class likeness. "If any one thinks the picture overdrawn, I suspect that it has not been his lot to meet many Evangelical parsons with invalid wives, large families, and somewhere about 400*l.* a year." From which we gather that High Church principles are an unfailing specific against the deteriorating influences of poverty, and that if you desire to insure your self-respect against the buffets of adverse fortune, you have only to subscribe to extreme Ritualistic views. But the author implies that he knows his men thoroughly, although we fear that, holding the opinions he does, he must either make damaging assertions on hearsay evidence, or condescend to irregular means of picking up his facts. "One has heard drunkards blaspheme and madmen rave; but for downright cool profanity, for simple prostitution of all that men and angels reverence, give me a couple of Evangelical ministers talking Scripture during a six miles drive." Charity, we are told, covers a multitude of sins, and thus far perhaps the author's charity should make us lenient to his many faults; but the time would fail us were we to dwell on the lengthy list of the things and the institutions he would damn in his *index expurgatorius*. Take, as an example, his left-handed hits at the vested interest of the undertakers. It may be admitted that common sense and decency are opposed to paid mutes, and to costly lugubrious trappings and pageantry. But, as a rule, we fancy that opinion as well as custom approves the coffin as a convenient receptacle for the corpse. The author takes the opportunity of killing a boy to launch an anathema in this direction. Willie Nightshade runs his head against a brick wall, runs on a little bit himself, little the worse apparently, then becomes half delirious, terrifies his boy companion, and in the intervals of his aberration communicates his last wishes. Notwithstanding the extreme unlikelihood of the catastrophe, the unlucky boy's last moments would have been not unpathetic if the author had not insisted upon the victim's pointing a moral with his dying breath. "When I am dead, don't let them put me into a coffin," and *ad caput*. "Harry began to comprehend him now. The undertaker's son had seen enough of coffins, and hearses and plumes, and he wanted to be buried like a Christian." For aught we know, being made up in a parcel may be more in accordance with the grand doctrines of Christianity than being buried in a box. What we complain of is that, while all the world patronizes the traditional method, the author has the bad taste to insist on the world's chiming in with his matter-of-course denunciation, and practically condemning itself and its practices as heathen. And this is but a single illustration of a form of offence of which he is frequently guilty.

As for the main story, the nominal hero has as little to do with it in reality as the man in the moon. On the other hand, by way of compensation, he is permitted a side story of his own, in which he figures episodically. The scene of the main story is laid in a country grammar school, to which the master is appointed by trustees holding office under a charitable endowment, and in which a certain number of scholars are educated on the foundation. Socially the school stands considerably higher than Dotheboys, but Mr. Goggs the master, a clergyman and presumably a gentleman, might be taken for a plagiarism on Squeers did the author not anticipate the impeachment by alluding to the immortal

* *Tom Pippin's Wedding*. By the Author of "*The Fight at Dame Europa's School*." London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Yorkshireman. Goggs is the typical clergyman who has been brutalized under the conjoined influence of debasing Evangelicalism, an invalid wife, a family, and 400*l.* a year. A truculent Mawworm, he terrorizes his children until they detest him like the father of lies, and they lie with as great presence of mind and circumstances as if they really were that evil patriarch's children. Bad clergymen may be not uncommon, but anything so unnatural as Goggs is inconceivable—except his children. He treats them brutally, actually knocking one down in the course of fatherly chastisement and nearly killing it, while the others lie in their beds little moved by the horrible tragedy they believe to have occurred, but chuckling over the hope of their worthy parent being hanged. The nurses are witnesses of the terrible consequences of this outburst of his passion, and seem in no way surprised; yet he preserves a fair reputation in his family and parish. He obtains the school in question through the cordial recommendation of the bishop, dean, and all his influential neighbours. Never did hypocrite mask his character with so little effort, and for a time flourish so extraordinarily. Fond parents send their children and keep them with him, although perfect confidence exists between fathers and sons, and Goggs starves, abuses, and tortures the latter. A sharp lawyer threatens to prosecute Goggs for stealing some estates which he has given to a couple of the boys. The schoolmaster knocks under, confesses, pays the shilling apiece which the lawyer exacts by way of compensation, and the lawyer does not remove his own son. Another father finds his letters to his boy are always opened, sends them in future with a great double seal, marks them private, and does not remove his boy. Another is informed that the hampers he sends are habitually pillaged; he believes it, and does not remove his boy. In fact, in spite of successive exposures, all the boys are kept there until the schoolmaster has driven one to his death, and thrashed another wrongfully within an inch of his life, because their remaining at the school is essential to the progress of the narrative.

If we turn to the parallel tale, we have an earl who marries his cook on the impulse of a moment, and lives charmed with his lot, although he owns to his nephew she is an habitual drunkard. A child is born to the happy couple, and its story is perhaps as marvellous as anything else in the fiction. A money-lender comes to the castle to put pressure on the earl to pay the debts of Mr. Pippin, his spendthrift nephew. What hold Mr. Burdock the money-lender has on his lordship we fail to see; the stringent argument he uses is "that it is not nice to have a nephew who owes 50,000*l.*"; but his lordship does see it, which is more to the purpose. At least he lets Mr. Burdock insult him, bully his butler, smoke strong cavendish in his dining-room, and finally leave the room apparently satisfied, although nothing has been actually arranged. His valedictory address is "By-bye, my lord. I'll call for the money in the morning; you'll give it me all right. . . . You needn't mind about the butler. I can find my way. By-bye." Nothing of course can be more true to life, except that this suspicious character who has just insulted the noble owner, to say nothing of the butler, whose curiosity must have been intensely stimulated by this unwonted odour of cavendish, is suffered to go stumbling over the house by himself. He does so, and in a corridor sees a nursemaid carrying a child. He had just had his conversation with the earl after a late dinner, so the noble young scion of the Appletrees must have kept most unhealthy hours. Nor is the body staff of the baby heir a strong one, for the solitary nursemaid drops him in his cradle, and vanishes down-stairs to supper. We know the rest. The prowler snatches the infant; but what puzzles us is why he steals it, and what he proposes to do with it. It appears that he is not so confident as he had expected to be of the earl paying him his money, and it occurs to him that, if he can only make away with the baby, Tom Pippin must have the earldom one day, and be able to pay in person. The stealthy Burdock, scorning the chances of detection, and utterly ignoring the probabilities of the infant screaming or having a younger brother in after years, is fortunate enough to stumble on the familiar postern of sensation novels, which stands ajar in regulation fashion. Weak as water, he repents as soon as he is comparatively safe, and knocks at a cottage door with the idea of abandoning the child. The door is opened by Mr. Cuffe, the village policeman, who recognises the baby, is down at once upon the crime, and characteristically resolves to share the profits. In short he consents to keep the baby for a yearly stipend, while he is living at the castle gate, and a hue and cry is going on over the country. He does not underrate the want of intelligence of his fellow-parishioners, from the noble lord downwards. He is suffered to carry off the child, the earl actually sending him and his wife on the track of the supposed criminal across the Channel, procuring his discharge from the force, and setting him up that he may exercise his superior talents in business elsewhere. He disappears with his booty, and is drowned in bathing in an Italian lake, while Mr. Pippin of course chances to be on the bank to recognise the corpse as it is brought ashore. That revives his suspicion of Cuffe; he suspects his small cousin cannot be far off; finds him; takes him home to his father, and there is a grand reconciliation. We can only say that the story of Tom Pippin's love affairs is more ridiculous still, and yet that is nothing to the dénouement in the last chapter, entitled "Coals of Fire." But there are faults in the story more offensive than wild absurdities at which it is possible to laugh. The author glows over unpleasant description and revels in it. We should be sorry to quote freely and imitate the offence we condemn, but we

refer the reader to the volume *passim*. We merely indicate such things as the description of the gluttonous Goggs's peculiar mode of eating, and of the effect of low living on the boys' complexions. *Tom Pippin's Wedding* is most unsatisfactory in every sense; the author has clearly been trading recklessly, at imminent peril of literary bankruptcy, on the reputation he ran up by a lucky hit.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MEMOIRS ON THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.—M. JANNET'S BIBLIOTHÈQUE ELZÉVIRIENNE.

A FEW years ago M. Pierre Jannet, well known for his extensive acquaintance with old French literature, undertook to publish, under the title of *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*, a collection which would comprise, not only correct editions of the French classics, but also reprints of old works belonging to the mediæval and Renaissance epochs, and which deserved to be studied either as historical monuments or as specimens of wit and humour. More than one hundred volumes of this valuable series had been issued, when circumstances upon which it is unnecessary to dwell brought it to a standstill, and compelled M. Jannet to give up his connexion with it. Very fortunately the plan he had started was not allowed to drop; another publisher resolved upon carrying it out in accordance with the original programme, all the writers whose assistance M. Jannet had secured consented to aid under the new management, and if further instalments of the series have not appeared during the last year, it is only owing to the terrible events of the war.

Our purpose on the present occasion is to give a brief account of the historical portion of the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*. It constitutes one of the most important items in the whole series, and well deserves a careful examination. The first prospectus issued in January 1857 spoke of a *collection générale de chroniques et mémoires relatifs à l'histoire de France* in two hundred volumes; each work to be copiously illustrated with notes and accompanied by a detailed index, whilst a general table of contents would complete the entire collection. We shall now pass successively in review the various publications of a strictly historical character which M. Jannet and his continuators have been able to bring out.

The memoirs of Henri de Campion* may be regarded as amongst the most valuable reprints we have to notice here. They had been published for the first time in 1807 by General de Grimoard; but in a very imperfect manner, and with all the extraordinary liberties which the critics and annotators of those times thought themselves justified in adopting. Strict accuracy in transcribing original MSS., and scrupulous adherence to the author's style, be it ever so archaic, are now justly regarded as indispensable; this, however, was not always the case, and a comparison of General Grimoard's edition of Campion's memoirs with M. Moreau's Elzevirian reprint will show at once what the difference is between good and indifferent workmanship. The reputation obtained by the memoirs of Cardinal de Retz, Guy Joly, the Duchess de Nemours, Madame de Motteville and Madlle. de Montpensier, is still so great that it has cast into the shade all autobiographies of other political personages who lived during the time of the Fronde; for this reason Henri de Campion's narrative is comparatively little known, only a small fragment of it having been admitted by Petitot and Michaud in their respective collections.† The former does not even take the trouble of giving his readers any information about the writer from whose memoirs he borrows, and yet the work we are now noticing supplies several details respecting the period of the Fronde that cannot be found elsewhere. For instance, let us mention the famous conspiracy headed by the Duke de Beaufort, for which he atoned by a five years' captivity; Madame de Motteville, generally so well *au courant* of what was stirring in the political atmosphere, speaks dubiously about it, and Cardinal de Retz goes so far as to deny its existence altogether. Campion is the only contemporary politician who has left us any particulars about the reality of the plot, and this fact alone would suffice to justify the publication of his memoirs.

M. C. Moreau, the learned editor of this volume, has also enriched the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne* with an excellent reprint of the rhymed gazettes which, under the title of *Courriers de la Fronde*‡, or *Courriers burlesques*, amused so much the gossiping part of the Parisian population during the regency of Anne of Austria. These newspapers, written in the sorriest doggerel that ever was seen, form a valuable part of what is generally known by the name of Mazarinades, a voluminous collection of squibs directed against the Cardinal-Minister, and which delighted the sarcastic humour of men like Guy Patin or Peiresc. It is not in burlesque poetry, as M. Moreau remarks, that the history of the Fronde should be written; but we must take the *pièces justificatives* which have been handed down to us as we find them, and the gravest of annalists would be certainly at fault if he neglected the evidence preserved in the various *recueils* of satirical pieces, and described by Gabriel Naudé in his "Mascarat." The *Courriers de la Fronde* extend over the two periods included between the 13th of May and the 24th of October,

* *Mémoires de Henri de Campion. Avec des notes. Par M. C. Moreau. Paris: Franck.*

† *Petitot*, vol. 51; *Michaud*, vol. 50.

‡ *Les Courriers de la Fronde en Vers burlesques. Par Saint-Julien. Revus et annotés par M. Moreau. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris: Franck.*

1648, and between January 6th and April 1st of the following year; they were composed by a man named Saint-Julien, about whose life nothing is known except what we learn from the *privilege* he obtained for the publication of his *courriers*, and from the *courriers* themselves. He appears to have been a retainer of the Marquis d'Alluye, second son of the Marquis d'Escoubleau-Sourdis, governor of Orleans; his *courriers* are a kind of grotesque paraphrase of Renaudot's Gazette; they adopt the point of view of the party usually designated as "the old Fronde," and are distinguished both by a considerable amount of independence and by much genuine *vis comica*. This observation applies especially to the piece entitled *Courrier burlesque envoyé à Mgr. le prince de Condé*, which was composed for the purpose of relating the disputes between the Court and the Paris Parliament during the year 1648. Here Saint-Julien turns indiscriminately into ridicule the leaders of all parties—the Duke d'Orléans, old Broussel, Gondy, and Cardinal Mazarin. He laughs equally at the aristocracy and the mob, the officials of the Louvre and the heroes of the street. M. Moreau has taken care to give us in his notes all the information we require on the numerous *dramatis personæ* of the Fronde, and whilst illustrating the various details of the civil war, he also throws considerable light upon the language, the social life, and the manners of France at that troublous epoch.

The *Chronique de Charles VII.*, published by M. Vallet de Virville for the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*, is a work of greater pretensions than Saint-Julien's facetious journal; the author, Jean Chartier, belonged to a family which rose to considerable distinction during the fifteenth century, and several of whose members distinguished themselves as statesmen, or in the more quiet walk of literature. Guillaume Chartier occupied the episcopal see of Paris, whilst Alain Chartier obtained the reputation of being the best poet of his times; his *Quadrilogue invectif* and his *Livre des Quatre Dames* are still considered, even apart from their archaeological merit, as productions of no mean beauty. Little is known about Jean, the brother of Alain and of Guillaume; the first document in which we find him mentioned bears date May 21, 1435; at that time he held the office of Commander of the abbey-church at Saint-Denis, a post which had been conferred upon him, according to all probability, as a reward for his services on behalf of the national cause. The time of his death is not clearly ascertained, but it must have been before 1477. The productions of Jean Chartier, besides the French chronicle here reprinted by M. Vallet de Virville, include a small fragment, written originally in Latin, referring also to the reign of Charles VII., and giving more than one interesting detail omitted by the larger work. It seems to have been composed as an imitation of the chronicle of the reign of Charles VII., known to be the production of an anonymous writer who is quoted in bibliographical treatises under the title of the *religieux de Saint-Denis*. The compilation we are now describing has no merits whatever as far as the style goes; it possesses neither the picturesque qualities of Froissart, nor the more philosophic tone of Philippe de Commines. Le Laboureur, appreciating two hundred years ago the merits of the *religieux de Saint-Denis*, said of him that "il s'exprime avec les mots ampoulés d'une langue expirant dans les tourments du barbarisme." This remark applies exactly to Jean Chartier, whose chronicle may be regarded as a kind of *Moniteur* or *Journal officiel*, valuable for its accuracy but at the same time colourless and dry. M. Vallet de Virville's edition is infinitely superior to that of Godefroy (1661); it is followed by several curious fragments referring to the same epoch.

M. Jannet's catalogue of the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne* places amongst historical works the amusing *Aventures du baron de Feneste*, by Agrippa d'Aubigné. Strictly speaking, of course, the indication is a wrong one, but, after all, the Protestant commander's memoirs are not much more trustworthy than the adventures of the Gascon gentleman. The great merit of D'Aubigné's autobiography consists in the natural manner with which he describes the enthusiasm of the early champions of the Protestant Reformation in France. He paints evidently *con amore* the romantic career of those men who, attached to the Courts of Bourbon and Valois, made a profession of war, and astonished Europe by the vicissitudes of a restless career when acts of heroism and generosity sometimes stood out in pleasant contrast to deeds of inexcusable ferocity. In other respects D'Aubigné's memoirs cannot be trusted; he mixes up facts and names without the slightest regard to chronological accuracy, and very often gives us as having occurred in immediate succession events separated by an interval of several years; in page 101 he alludes to the death of La Trémouille, whereas in pages 105 and 106 he speaks of him as being still alive, and mentions even some of his high deeds. The *Aventures du baron de Feneste* relate in the shape of a fictitious narrative the manifold experiences of Agrippa d'Aubigné at Court and on the field of battle. It is doubtful perhaps whether the author really intended, as some critics suppose, to satirize the Duc d'Épernon under the name of Feneste; but the turmoils of civil war and the distracted state of society produced, we doubt not, a plen-

tiful crop of those needy adventurers who, like the impoverished baron, endeavoured to earn, without deserving it, a reputation for courage, fashion, learning, and good breeding. Feneste is the type of a worthless class of men who, during the weak regency of Mary de' Medici, rose as plentiful as fungi from a mass of decomposed substance. The powerful hand of Henry IV. was withdrawn, the iron rule of Richelieu had not yet been established. The copious notes added by M. Prosper Mérimée to the Elzévirian edition of the *Aventures du baron de Feneste* would alone suffice to prove the importance of the work in an historical point of view.

As we are now lingering in the company of Agrippa d'Aubigné, we may mention briefly here his celebrated *Tragiques*,* composed in imitation of Ronsard's *Discours sur les Malheurs du Temps*; the seven cantos grouped together under the name we have just been transcribing are, to all intents and purposes, historical compositions. The first three, entitled respectively *Les Misères*, *Les Princes*, and *La Chambre dorée*, are not only fine specimens of poetry, but they abound in the most precious details as to the state of society at the time of the Civil Wars. Here the poet is in his element, true to his character and thoroughly at home with the terrible sketches he places before us. We must turn to the *Satire Ménippée*†, and especially to the soul-stirring speech of Lieutenant d'Aubray, if we wish to find the misfortunes of France during the wars of religion painted in brilliant and at the same time true colours. The Cardinal de Lorraine, Catherine de' Medici, and Henry III., occupy the most prominent place in the canto *Les Princes*, and the portraits there given of those celebrated personages have long been confirmed by history.

When satire keeps within proper bounds, it is certainly one of the most useful amongst the subsidiary sources of information for the historian and the publicist; but it too often degenerates into mere spite, and many a clever writer, carried away by the desire of satisfying some private grudge, has forfeited beforehand all claims to be considered as a trustworthy recorder of the gossip he commits to paper. Such was the case with Bussy-Rabutin's *Histoire amoureuse des Gaules*‡. M. Paul Boiteau, who has undertaken to edit that work for the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*, tries in vain to show that Madame de Sévigné's cousin deserves implicit credence; the notes he has added to the text prove the very reverse. We are quite ready to admit that the *Histoire amoureuse* gives us, as a whole, a true description of the Court of Versailles; but, in many particulars, the statements it contains require to be carefully compared with those of other historians. As a supplement to the work, M. Ch. L. Livet, who has contributed several items to M. Jannet's series, publishes a volume containing the reprint of several rare pamphlets where *le grand Alexandre* (Louis XIV.) and his *entourage* are severely handled. A fourth instalment is announced, which is to include, besides some additional satirical pieces, an alphabetical index.

The case of Henri de Campion's memoirs shows that the great collections of Monmerqué, Michaud, and Poujoulat, &c., have not exhausted the literature of autobiographical reminiscences. Here are two more personages who have also been unaccountably neglected, and whom M. C. Moreau has reinstated in the place they ought properly to occupy amongst the historians of the seventeenth century; we mean Jacques de Saulx, Comte de Tavannes, and Balthazar. The former belonged to a family who played an important part during the wars of the League, for both his grandfather and his great-uncle have left behind them a considerable reputation as military commanders, and they both committed to writing the narrative of the events in which they found themselves engaged. Brought up in the household of the Prince de Condé, whose gendarmes he commanded, Tavannes naturally followed his master's fortunes when the Fronde disturbances broke out. Balthazar was a German by birth; he took service, however, on the French side in the army of Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, and distinguished himself sufficiently to attract the notice of Gassion. Taking offence at some fancied slight, he joined the Frondeurs, and was so successful against the Royal troops that his very name was an object of terror throughout the south-west of France. People even believed him to be a magician. The memoirs of Tavannes and Balthazar's *Histoire de la Guerre de Guyenne* supplement each other, for whilst the French count describes the civil war as it appeared in the neighbourhood of Paris, the German soldier relates the episodes which took place in Guyenne. Both men may be regarded as excellent representatives of the superior kind of agents whom the leaders of the various political parties employed to carry out their designs.

In the company of the Marquis d'Argenson¶ we step at once into the eighteenth century, and we trace the causes which brought about the downfall of the French monarchy, and the scenes of the Revolution. There are not many persons now, we hope, who be-

* *Les Tragiques*. Par R. Agrippa d'Aubigné. Nouv. édition, annotée par L. Lalanne. 12mo. Paris: Franck.

† *Œuvres complètes de Ronsard*. Publiées par M. P. Blanchemain. 7 vols. 12mo. Paris: Franck.

‡ *La Satire Ménippée*. Nouv. édition, publiée par M. Ch. Labitte. 12mo. Paris: Charpentier.

§ *Histoire amoureuse des Gaules*. Par Bussy-Rabutin. Nouv. édition, annotée par P. Boiteau. 3 vols. 12mo. Paris: Franck.

|| *Mémoires de Jacques de Saulx, comte de Tavannes, suivis de l'histoire de la guerre de Guyenne*. Par Balthazar. Édition annotée par C. Moreau. 12mo. Paris: Franck.

¶ *Mémoires et Journal inédit du marquis d'Argenson*. 5 vols. 12mo. Paris: Franck.

* *Chronique de Charles VII.* Par Jean Chartier. Nouv. édition, par Vallet de Virville. 3 vols. 12mo. Paris: Franck.

† *Les Aventures du baron de Feneste*. Par Th. Agrippa d'Aubigné. Nouv. édition, annotées par M. Pr. Mérimée. 12mo. Paris: Franck.

‡ *Mémoires de Th. Agrippa d'Aubigné*. Nouv. édition, publiée par M. Lud. Lalanne. 12mo. Paris: Charpentier.

lieve that the Assembly of the Notables was the earliest blow dealt at the *ancien régime*; but if some can still be found so far ignorant of the history of the last hundred years, we should recommend them to read either Barbier's amusing journal,* or the voluminous memoirs of d'Argenson. Two editions of this latter work have been published; one in nine octavos by M. Rathery, for the *Société de l'Histoire de France*, the other in five Elzevirian duodecimos for M. Jannet's *bibliothèque*, by the grand-nephew of the marquis. We shall not enter here upon a discussion as to the relative merits of these two reprints; an exact transcript of the MS. journal and correspondence left by M. d'Argenson could have proved of very little interest to the general reader; we think therefore that the noble editor who prepared for the Elzevirian collection the memoirs of the French Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has done wisely in printing merely extracts from the valuable MSS. he had at his disposal. We referred just now to Barbier's journal; it gives us the photograph, so to speak, of a society in full dissolution, but without any suggestion as to the reforms that were wanted or the causes of the evils which were eating up France. D'Argenson, on the other hand, has the keen discriminating glance of a philosopher; he sees below the surface and traces back to their origin the abuses which he finds growing on all sides around him. His printed works—*Loisirs d'un Ministre d'Etat*, 1787; *Essais sur le Gouvernement de la France*, 1764—have supplied many an interesting fragment to the present edition.

Marguerite de Valois is a person whose character can scarcely be represented in colours sufficiently dark; she had all the vices which made her family so scandalously conspicuous, and unfortunately her deep-seated corruption was combined with the most winning manners and with intellectual powers of a very rare order. If we believed Brantôme and the monk Hilarion de Coste, we might suppose, indeed, that *La reine Margot* was a pattern, not only of decorum, but of all virtues; let us hope that the worthy friar had no acquaintance with the mysteries of Court life at the Louvre; as for the scandalous chronicler of the *Discours des Dames galantes*, we know that his notions of *Les Belles Vertus* were none of the strictest. M. Ludovic Lalanne's introductory notice to the *Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois*, founded upon contemporaneous evidence, will, we believe, place in its true light the character of the frail lady, and show how she managed to divide her time between love intrigues and literature. Her memoirs include a narrative of the principal events which took place in France between 1559 and 1582; they are extremely interesting, though the style is occasionally spoilt by that affectation which made her delight in the surname of *Venus-Urania*. M. Lalanne has added to his volume a few anecdotes discovered by him in a MS. of the Paris Imperial Library, and which are chiefly Peiresc's.

The memoirs of Madame de Courcelles † occupy only a small number of pages, and they are not of any real interest so far as the political history of France is concerned; but as illustrations of fashionable society during the reign of Louis XIV. they certainly deserve to be read, and they form a natural complement to Rabutin's *Histoire amoureuse des Gaules*. M. P. Pougin's biographical notice is longer than the memoirs themselves; it gives us, it is true, the whole of his heroine's romantic career, and is a kind of *résumé* of the account written by the late M. Walckenaer in his *Mémoires sur Madame de Sévigné*. The correspondence of Madame de Courcelles and a few *pièces justificatives* do not swell M. Pougin's duodecimo beyond 231 pages.

By way of contrast, let us mention here the memoirs of Madame de la Guette §; they, too, treat of the Fronde, and bear the mark of the exciting times in which they were written; but they are a record of patriotic devotedness, courage, and high principle, instead of reflecting, like Madame de Courcelles's autobiography, a career of vice and profligacy. The editor, M. C. Moreau, expresses in his preface his astonishment that the volume he now publishes should have been neglected by the *savants* who have given to the world collections of memoirs on the history of France. Whilst describing the *souvenirs* of Henri de Campion, of Tavannes and Balthazar, we remarked on the treasures which still remain unnoticed and unedited by the successors of Petitot and Poujoulat; Madame de la Guette affords us an opportunity of repeating the remark, and of showing that the *Bibliothèque Elzevirienne*, amongst other merits, has the important one of supplementing the voluminous *recueils* which have preserved for our benefit, from the days of André Duchesne to those of M. Guizot, the chief sources of information on the history of France. The memoirs of Puysegur, Sirot, Chavagnac, Terlon, D'Ablancourt, Marolles, and Charles Perrault may be named among works still waiting for suitable editors, and which would probably throw fresh light upon the events of the seventeenth century; in the meanwhile we shall say a word or two about Madame de la Guette. M. C. Moreau takes a great deal of trouble to prove that this lady's memoirs are authentic. Her family name was Meurdrac, and her husband appears to have been a kind of Dugald Dalgetty,

one of those soldiers of fortune whose adventures form so conspicuous an element in the history of Western Europe two hundred years ago. She took an active share in the events she describes. She defended the village of Sussy and her own estates against the marauding parties both of the Royal troops and of the Frondeurs; by a clever stratagem she prevented the Duke de Lorraine from attacking Marshal Turenne, who was encamped above Villeneuve Saint-Georges, and she thus saved the last forces which the King could oppose to the rebellious princes; she finally undertook a journey to Gascony with the view of bringing over her husband to the duty of obedience. We thus see that Madame de la Guette led a very busy life, and yet in her memoirs she strictly confines herself to a narrative of the scenes in which she was really engaged; she never draws upon her imagination, nor indulges in reflections of a philosophical nature. *Scriptur ad narrandum* is her motto.

Somaize's *Dictionnaire des Précieuses** deserves undoubtedly a place among the monuments of historical literature. Although they were turned into ridicule by Molière and Boileau, the friends of Madame de Rambouillet and Mademoiselle de Scudéry influenced in the most decided manner the progress of French society during the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., and the fact that Philamintes and Bélises were to be found in the famous *salon bleu* should not make us deny the real merits of Julie d'Angennes and Mademoiselle Paulet. At all events it is impossible to understand thoroughly the literature of the *grand siècle* without having read the *Dictionnaire des Précieuses*; and M. Livet's excellent edition of the work, with its illustrative preface, appendix, and notes, will be heartily welcome to all students of French history.

* *Le grand Dictionnaire des Précieuses*. Par C. de Somaize, avec des notes par M. Ch. L. Livet. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris: Franck.

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CALCUTTA	Saturday, June 10, 2 p.m.	Tuesday, June 20, at 2 a.m.
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